

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,056

FEBRUARY 22, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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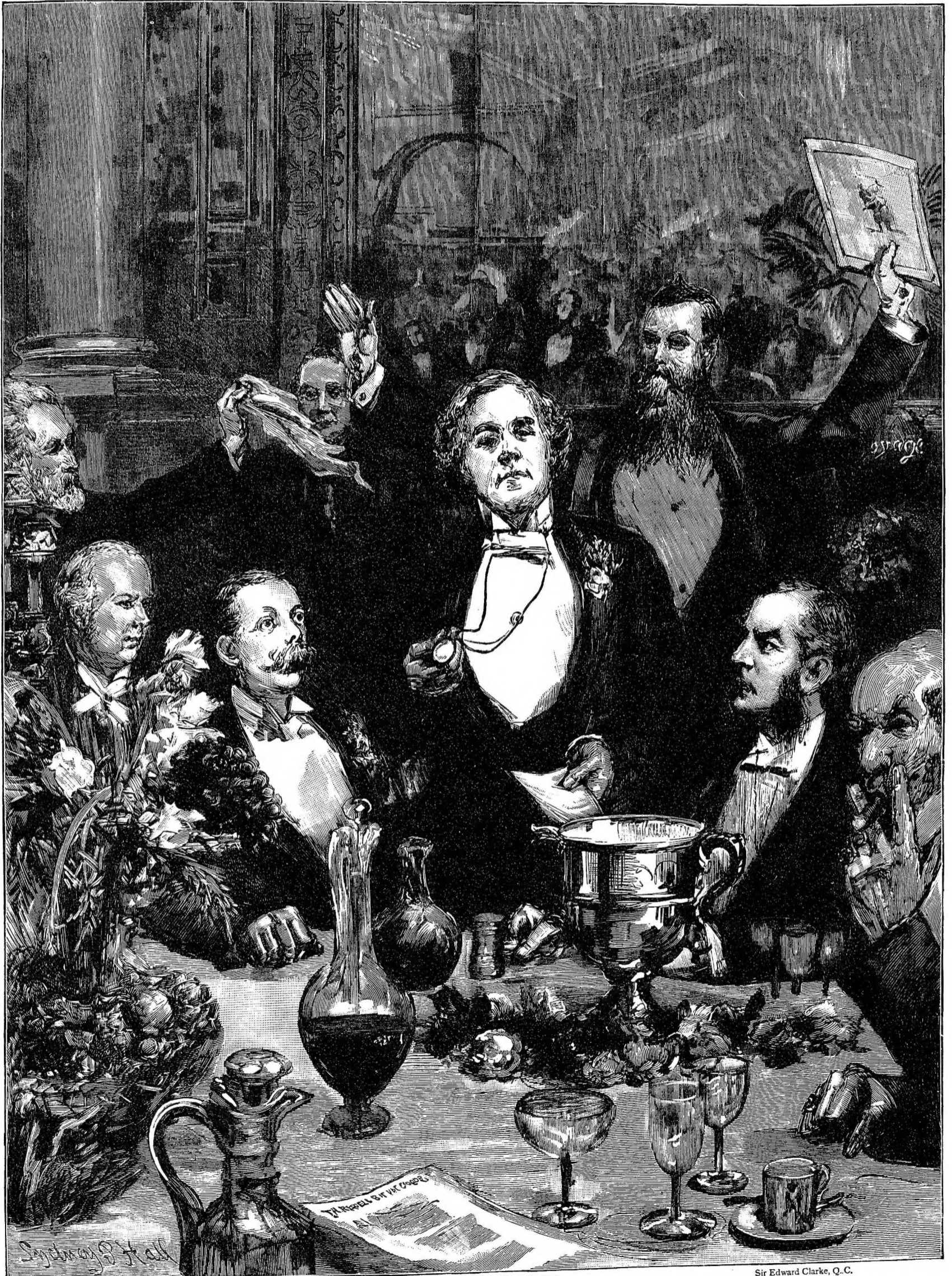
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1890

THIRTY-TWO PAGES

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Sydney Hall

Lord Randolph Churchill

Mr. J. L. Toole

Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C.

FAREWELL BANQUET TO MR. J. L. TOOLE, AT THE HOTEL METROPOLE, PREVIOUS TO HIS DEPARTURE FOR AUSTRALIA
"My Lords and Gentlemen, pray silence for your guest, Mr. J. L. Toole"



WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?—The Report of the Parnell Commission has had the extraordinary fortune to please men of all parties. Unionists hold that it is in substantial agreement with everything that has been said against the Nationalist leaders, while Home Rulers contend that it is so favourable to the accused politicians as to be "almost too good to be true." Probably most of those who do not feel bound to associate themselves with any particular party cry take a middle course between these extreme judgments. To say that the Report confirms the worst charges brought against Mr. Parnell and his friends is evidently a gross exaggeration. That would have been true only if it had been proved that Mr. Parnell wrote the letters which were attributed to him, and that he sanctioned and directly encouraged the commission of crime. Still, the Irish leaders are very far indeed from having come through the ordeal with triumphant success. It is now established that one of their objects in creating the Land League was to secure the separation of Ireland from Great Britain, and that they incited people to intimidation, knowing that its effect was to produce crime and outrage. All this, with much more that the Commissioners decide, was perfectly well understood long ago, but it acquires fresh significance from the fact that it is formally and solemnly set forth after prolonged and searching investigation. It is urged by the Separatists that, in dealing with the Report, the House of Commons ought to express satisfaction that the case against its accused members has not been wholly sustained; but they cannot seriously expect that anything of the kind will be done. It certainly could not be done without a corresponding statement as to those charges which have been upheld. By far the best course would be simply to adopt Mr. W. H. Smith's proposal—that is, thank the Commissioners, order the Report to be entered on the journals of the House, and leave every one both now and hereafter to form his own opinion about the matters in dispute. In the end this is the course that will almost certainly be adopted; but it is to be feared that, before the final decision is arrived at, the public will be bored with an enormous number of tedious and utterly useless speeches. Even in the House of Commons, such an opportunity for the waste of time does not often present itself, and there can be little doubt that it will be utilised to the utmost possible limit. If this anticipation is fulfilled, the House of Commons will utterly misrepresent the feeling of the English people, who wish for nothing so much as to hear the last of the whole affair, and to get on from talk to real business.

THE GREATEST STRIKE ON EARTH.—The thrifty householder must have rejoiced that the greater part of winter has passed, when he read the news that three-quarters or more of the coal miners meditate a simultaneous strike. Their federated Unions demand another 10 per cent. advance; the pit-owners, who have also federated in part, reply with a *non possumus*; unless, therefore, one side or the other gives way, "black diamonds" are certain to run up to fancy prices. It is estimated by a Yorkshire journal that four hundred thousand persons connected with the mines in one capacity or another would be out of employment, while the total output would diminish from four million tons per week to one million. But the question that at once presents itself is, whence would strike pay come for such an enormous multitude? The accumulated funds of all the federated Unions would scarcely keep things going for a fortnight. Even at the rate of 5s. a week per head, 200,000l. would be required for strike pay during that period. The pit-owners, on the other hand, could last very much longer. Whatever their losses, they would not be reduced to starvation, and even those losses would not be so heavy as appears at first sight. A miner who goes on strike sacrifices his whole means of living; the colliery proprietor always has the comfort of remembering that, although his coal is not being brought to bank, its value remains unimpaired. The one victim of the strike fever, therefore, parts with solid cash, and parts with it for ever; the other merely suffers a temporary deprivation of income which will be made good by and by. Or, to put it in another way—these 400,000 mining folks would, if we average their weekly receipts at 25s. a head, forfeit half a million sterling every week the strike lasted, whereas the masters would practically lose nothing beyond the amount required to keep their pits free from water and their machinery in good working order.

BALFOUR THE TYRANT.—The fact that more than a hundred and twenty members, at the very outset of the Session, abstained from voting in the Division on Mr. Parnell's Amendment to the Address, indicates that the House of Commons was not very vitally interested in the subject. Indeed, except when certain speakers, who always command a hearing, were on their legs, the House was often very empty, a noteworthy circumstance, considering that the motion was intended to be a Vote of Censure on the Ministry. But if honourable members were somewhat

weary of the subject, the outside public were downright apathetic, and it is improbable that more than one habitual newspaper-reader in a hundred waded conscientiously through the debate. The reason of course is that this particular dish has been served up so many times that it has lost all flavour. Ever since he became Chief Secretary, the Irish Nationalists have baited Mr. Balfour whenever they could get a chance, and they have especially indulged in a grand baiting at the beginning of each Session. The charges embodied in Mr. Parnell's Amendment may be succinctly stated thus: first, that there is a Crimes Act, which is a burning shame; secondly, that Mr. Balfour administers the Act vigorously, which is an abominable shame. Yet, with all their fire and fury, the alleged cases of tyranny brought forward by Mr. O'Brien and his allies proved to be of the most trumpery character; and it did not need Mr. Balfour's incisive reply to show that the Crimes Act hurts nobody who does not wilfully break the law (a law which is quite as much in force in Great Britain as in Ireland); and, more important still, that this much-maligned Act, being firmly carried into effect, has in great measure put an end to a most cruel and merciless terrorism which made the lives of thousands of Irishmen and Irishwomen almost unendurable. It may be added that, from a partisan point of view, such a debate as was brought on by Mr. Parnell's Amendment is by no means conducive to the well-being of the Gladstonians, since it exhibits in a ludicrous light the inconsistencies of those apostates from the principles of law and order, who, only four years ago, were assailed by the Parnellites with the vilest vituperation for saying and doing just what Mr. Balfour says and does now.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE KAISER.—For some time there have been persistent rumours to the effect that there are serious differences of opinion between the German Emperor and his Chancellor, and that Prince Bismarck proposes, while retaining the Chancellorship, to resign the office of Prime Minister of Prussia. The second of these rumours is not wholly improbable. Prince Bismarck is now an old man, and he may very well be of opinion that the double function he has to discharge imposes too heavy a burden even on his broad shoulders. We may doubt, however, whether there is much foundation for the report that his opinions about matters of importance diverge widely from those of the Kaiser. It is evident that the supreme ambition of the Emperor is to find some solution for the social problem. When he mounted the Throne, it was feared that he might prove to be of a dangerously warlike temper; but he has shown that the struggle in which he is most deeply interested is the struggle with poverty and misery. In this vital characteristic there is nothing that should bring him into conflict with the Chancellor. Long ago—before Prussia had begun the series of wars which were to have so profound an influence on her destiny—Bismarck asked Lassalle why he did not, with his Socialist followers, join the Conservatives against the domineering middle-class Radicals, who were the enemies of both. This thoroughly expressed the sentiment by which the domestic policy of the great Minister has always been guided. Revolutionary Socialists he opposes, nor would he for a moment hesitate, if necessary, to order them to be shot down. But with the demands of workmen for shorter hours of labour, better pay, and a more secure position he has the most cordial sympathy; and he sees no sort of reason why the rules laid down by the older school of Political Economists should be allowed to prevent at least a gradual approach, through the intervention of the State, to these most desirable ends. The probability is, therefore, that he is working with the Emperor without serious difficulty, and that even if he retires from the Prussian Premiership he will continue, as Chancellor, to exercise a commanding influence on the internal as well as on the external affairs of the Empire. This was well understood by the electors on Thursday, whether they voted for or against the candidates whom he wished to be chosen.

THE NORTH ST. PANCRAS VACANCY.—A very severe struggle seems certain at North St. Pancras for the seat vacated by the promotion of the sitting member to the House of Lords. For once in a way, neither party possesses any advantage over the other. Both have secured excellent candidates; the constituency has been very equally divided ever since its formation; in the judgment of the Special Commission Unionists and Home Rulers have an inexhaustible topic for platform oratory. At the last election a considerable number of Liberals abstained from voting, and if these have become Gladstonites, as has happened in most constituencies similarly circumstanced, Mr. Bolton ought to wipe out the narrow defeat he suffered in 1886. But the Unionists believe that there is something of a schism in the Separatist ranks, whereas their own party is united to the last man. They admit, however, that their registration has been somewhat neglected, owing to the apparent unlikelihood of an early vacancy. That source of weakness they hope will be compensated for by the great personal popularity of Mr. Graham, and by his superiority as an electioneering speaker to Mr. Bolton. It will be seen that no constituency could be better circumstanced to afford a test

of public opinion on the finding of the Special Commission. Mr. Parnell and his followers will be tried over again—this time by a plebiscitary tribunal—and should either side secure a really substantial majority, there will be solid reason to believe that the public understanding has sifted the judicial verdict. The odds are, however, that the poll will be as close as it was last time; nor do we fancy that it would have made much difference even if the Commissioners had either entirely acquitted the accused or had found them guilty on every count of the indictment. In party warfare, public opinion simply means the opinion of the caucuses.

STATE SOCIALISM v. LAISSEZ FAIRE.—The point has often been noticed, but just now it is more than ever advisable to observe, that the modern Radical creed differs most essentially from that which prevailed forty years ago, when the Manchester School was in the ascendant. Then the cry was: "Remove all artificial restrictions; let the State interfere as little as possible; and let every man fight his own battle to the best of his ability." Mr. Bright was a persistent opponent of the Factory Acts for restricting female and juvenile labour; he did not believe in legislating against adulteration, preferring the cynical proverb, *Caveat emptor*; and he never showed any sympathy with the Socialist theories which were beginning to make themselves conspicuous during his later years. The creed of advanced political thinkers has, indeed, changed wonderfully since 1850. State interference is invoked on all sides; sailors, miners, and shop-assistants (merely to cite three specimens of the wage-earning classes) ask the Government to fix the conditions under which they shall follow their respective employments; and the young German Emperor has attained wonderful popularity simply from his announcement that he is determined to try and solve the labour problem in the Fatherland. What is the cause of this singular revolution in public opinion? It is partly due to the fact that the wage-earning classes are less self-reliant and individually independent than the middle classes who forty years ago decided the fate of Cabinets. But other reasons can be given. The day of small masters and petty employers is gradually vanishing, and the modern *employé* instinctively feels that without combination, or still better State regulation, he is a helpless unit in the presence of the gigantic concerns which now stand to him in the place of a master. Nor is it impossible that the advance of luxury has enfeebled the national fibre, so that people are less patient and enduring of hardship than they were. However this may be, it seems very probable that, before the twentieth century has far advanced, the civilised world will have reverted to some of the labour restraints which prevailed in mediæval days. If the change can be effected without violence, and if the individual accumulation of wealth can be discouraged with at the same time a more general diffusion of comfort, then our descendants may hold that State Socialism has scored a success.

BOULANGISM IN PARIS.—"What did people mean by saying Boulangism is dead? Never has it been more alive." So telegraphed General Boulanger to M. Laguerre, when he heard of the results of the elections in Paris and its suburbs. It is doubtful, however, whether the General is quite so confident as he professes to be. The action of the Parisians was certainly remarkable, and it has caused a good deal of anxiety among the Republicans; but it seems to have been due rather to an angry feeling against the Chamber than to any very ardent enthusiasm for General Boulanger. The Chamber had tried to coerce Paris by declining to accept its Boulangist votes as serious, and Paris showed its resentment by refusing to submit to dictation. Even, however, if it be admitted that the capital is thoroughly devoted to the exile in Jersey, it does not follow that his cause is prospering. Not so very long ago the opinion of Paris was the opinion of France. That is by no means the case to-day. The peasantry have awakened to a consciousness of their power. They feel, as they never felt before, that it depends mainly upon themselves whether they shall, or shall not, be troubled by incessant agitation for dangerous political experiments. And they have given evidence of a strong determination that for the present there shall be no reckless changes, but that the Republic shall have a fair chance of proving whether it is fitted to meet the needs of the people. By supporting General Boulanger, therefore, Paris can merely succeed in showing that it no longer holds with regard to the provinces the position it held in former times. The Republicans will act very unwisely if they respond to the recent elections by another series of "invalidations." That could tend only to embitter the Parisians, and to separate them still more widely from the general movement of national opinion.

PARLIAMENTARY QUESTIONS.—Were it not that the Collective Wisdom has a secret relish for "question time," the abuse of catechising Ministers would have been suppressed long ago. It is to be feared that no inconsiderable portion of the outside world participates in the liking of honourable members for the "heckling" process. Perhaps, however, some may be disposed to give up their favourite source of enjoyment when they learn that very nearly six thousand queries were printed in the Order Paper last Session. What a sad waste of time, paper, and printers'

ink! It may be safely asserted that not one per cent. of these questions had the slightest public importance. Many were asked for the sake of private information; not fewer, probably, to air personal vanity; some out of "pure cussedness;" others as malicious innuendoes. Mr. Smith suggests that it would be a vast improvement on the present senseless system if members desiring to increase their knowledge were simply to write to the head of the department concerned. That would be an effectual remedy, and, no doubt, the immediate effect would be to diminish the number of queries by one-half or more. There would no longer be any temptation to fussy members to air their self-importance, while the idle curiosity which is answerable for much of the nuisance would be checked by the trouble of writing a letter. We say nothing about the shrinkage of the printers' bill; that is a trifle compared with the systematic waste of time. Yet, although all arguments are in favour of the suggested change, it would need a very sanguine disposition to expect it during the present century. Not until "question time" and its privileges produce an absolute congestion of Parliamentary business will the national representatives sacrifice their vested interest. To many of them there is far more pleasure in badgering departmental chiefs with unimportant queries than in doing legislative work.

WORN-OUT HORSES.—Of all our domestic animals, the lot of the horse—with whom, of course, we may include his humble cousin, the ass—is incomparably the hardest. The cat is not, strictly speaking, a domestic animal, but rather a small extra-tropical tiger, which elects to pass part of her leisure time in our dwelling-houses. If pussy lives to be old, she is usually allowed to expire with peace and honour on the parlour hearth-rug. Much the same may be said of the dog, except that his end, when he grows mangy and snappish, is sometimes hastened with prussic acid. As for the animals which are kept in order that they may be eaten, their lives are happy, and their deaths swift and sudden. The sorest ordeal which they have to undergo occurs during the transit from the farm to the slaughter-house. With the horse, unfortunately, it is far otherwise. His career is almost always one of constant deterioration, and if he could only see into the future (which we hope he can't) he would be the most miserable of animated beings. No man, however kind, can reasonably be expected to keep the same horse from foalhood to old age; yet, if he parts with him, he is probably condemning him to an almost certain future of hunger, disease, and cruelty. It was reported the other day that numbers of worn-out horses are shipped to Belgium to be transformed into "beef-essence." The purchasers of such fluids may not be pleased to hear it, yet we rejoice for the sake of the horses. But surely a more stringent law is needed regarding the treatment of old horses. At present, a charge of cruelty can only be preferred when an unfit horse is seen at work in a public thoroughfare. Would it not be possible to enact that no horse-owner should send out an animal which is technically unsound without a certificate, renewable monthly, from a properly-qualified "vet"? The process would cost the proprietors of such horses something, which would be all the better, because then, instead of working them up to the last gasp, they would be more likely to send them to the knacker's yard.

PEDANTIC NATURAL HISTORY.—It does not often happen that the public can take much interest in Presidential addresses delivered before scientific societies. These productions may be very learned and very profound, but as a rule they are anything but lively reading. The other evening, however, the Royal Microscopical Society had the pleasure of listening to a Presidential address which should appeal to ordinary folk not less strongly than to professional students of science. The speaker was Dr. C. T. Hudson, and he chose as his subject "Some Needless Difficulties in the Study of Natural History." Every one will agree, speaking "in the abstract," that natural history ought to be full of charm for many different classes of minds. Most children like to notice the ways of animals, and this feeling often survives in later years. A good many people, wishing to learn more than they can find out for themselves, and to obtain information that may help them in their observations, turn to books for aid; and very naturally they select those which seem like'y to be up to date. The result almost inevitably is that they abandon the study of natural history in despair. What they find is not any representation of the living world as they know it, but complicated classifications, with long, uncouth names, the very appearance of which on the page has a deterrent effect on the imagination. The writers have much to say about the structure of organs, but hardly anything about the characteristics displayed by animals in the actual use of the faculties with which they are endowed. Against this dismal way of dealing with natural history Dr. Hudson had the courage to protest, and we hope that other men of science, of equal authority, will follow the good example he has set. No doubt the old classifications are inadequate, but the best naturalists are everywhere of opinion that the work of division and sub-division has been greatly overdone, and that multitudes of so-called "species" are merely "varieties," and ought never to have received separate names. If naturalists would follow Dr. Hudson's advice, clear their science of useless encumbrances, and bring it more directly into contact

with the actual world around them, natural history might become one of the most fascinating of studies, and a potent instrument of intellectual training even in the humblest of our schools.

ZANZIBAR.—The accession of a new Sovereign to the thorny throne of Zanzibar may easily prove the forerunner of considerable changes in that part of the world. Zanzibar politics are so very misty that European judgment is apt to go astray when endeavouring to penetrate their obscurities. It seems certain, however, that the late Sultan had become somewhat chilly towards England; whereas his successor bears the reputation of being Anglophil to the backbone. At present the only assigned proofs for this supposition are his jovial manners, and his weakness for brandy and soda. Not that it much matters whether he likes or dislikes the Briton. The march of events in Southern Africa ordains that Zanzibar must have a powerful Protector, and the Sultan's choice will depend more on outside pressure than on his personal preference. It is between Germany and England that he will have to make selection, all other Powers being out of the running; and we may depend upon it that he will rest on the crutch that would hit the hardest blow if raised against him. It is fortunate, therefore, that England is represented by a "strong man," of the Bartle Frere type, in the person of Colonel Euan Smith. He has considerable diplomatic ability, too, and has gradually come to be regarded by the Zanzibaris as the power behind the throne. This peculiar position enables him quietly to help the two great chartered English corporations which have undertaken to civilise Southern Africa; and, should he retain his present influence over the Sultan, Zanzibar will gradually assume the condition of a protected State in India. Not that the island itself has much value; but even as Clive and Warren Hastings derived immense advantage from affecting to be the agents of the Great Mogul, so the authority of Zanzibar can be exercised far into the interior of Africa by any nation which holds the Sultan well in hand.

THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT RAILWAY.—We have no intention here of discussing the various causes which have conduced to make this line such an unprofitable venture for the shareholders. But it does seem curious that a railway which ramifies through the most populous and the most conveyance-using city in the world should not be able to live by the normal traffic arising from such conditions. This, however, is by no means the case, to judge from the Chairman's address. His talk is all of Exhibitions. The reason why the recent Report was so unfavourable was "the large diminution of receipts from Exhibition traffic." However, the District Line "had been benefited by the traffic to Barnum's Show," and this year "the prospect of an attractive French Exhibition was very bright." Perhaps, however, the greatest consolation held out to the shareholders was conveyed in Mr. Forbes's statement that "he had travelled to Paris in company with Mr. Augustus Harris, who thought that a series of Exhibitions and attractions provided at the Earl's Court site would well justify the Company in granting a lease of it for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years." Admitting the heavy taxation levied on railways, and the competition of the omnibuses and road-cars, still it seems rather strange that a great metropolitan conveyance enterprise should have to rest its chances of getting any decent remuneration on that pleasure-loving section of the public which patronises Exhibitions.



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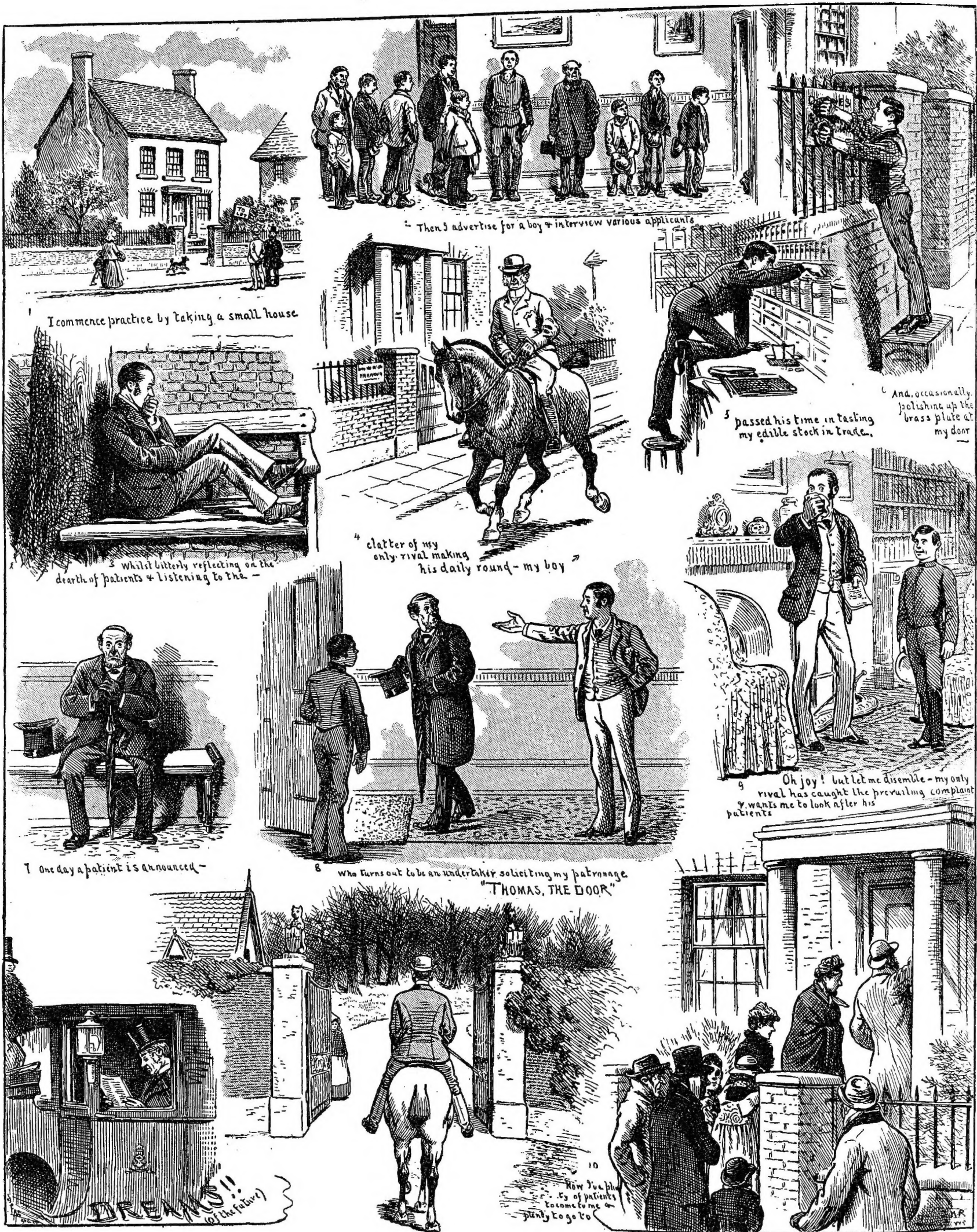
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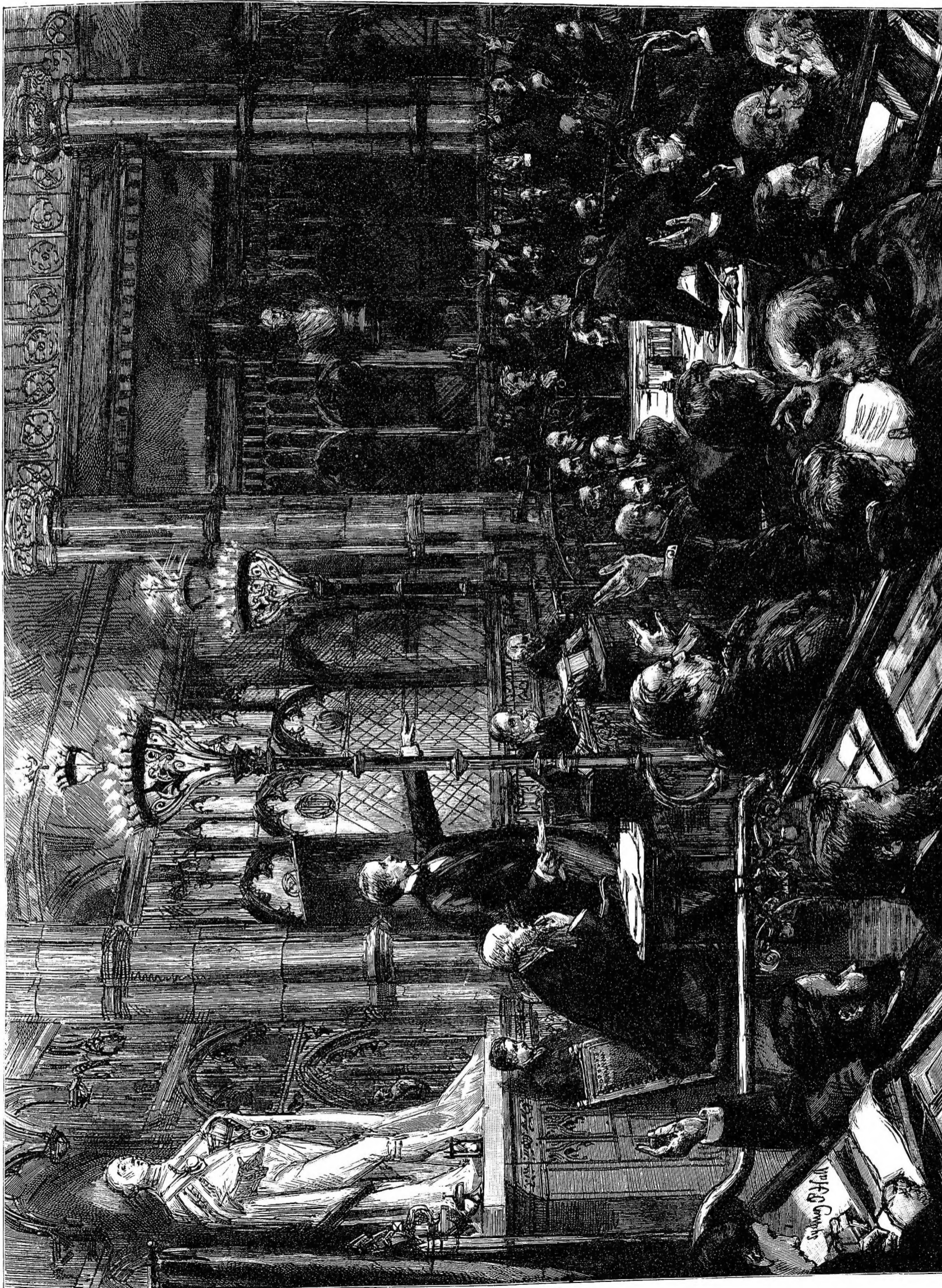


FAREWELL BANQUET TO MR. J. L. TOOLE

If not the most eminent of our modern actors, Mr. Toole is undoubtedly the most popular. The man who knows how to make them laugh is usually a greater favourite with the general public than the gentlemen who essay what are considered the higher flights of dramatic representation. But Mr. Toole's popularity is due also to other and worthier reasons, to the esteem felt for his personal character, since he is one of the most unselfish, kind-hearted, and generous of men, as well as to the sympathy felt for him on account of the succession of sad bereavements with which he has been visited during the last few years. Hence, when it was announced that Mr. Toole and his talented company were about to pay a professional visit to the Antipodes, such a series of entertainments was organised in his honour that he ran some risk of attaining the enormous obesity which *Punch*, in an amusing sketch, foreshadowed as the outcome of these numerous banquets. One of the last, and not the least, of these hospitable inflictions took place on the night of February 12th, in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. Some 250 gentlemen assembled, under the chairmanship of Sir E. Clarke, the Solicitor-General, and Mr. Toole, in returning thanks, made one of his funny speeches, in which he complained of being styled a veteran, seeing that he often acted both in the afternoon and evening, and performed at four or five different towns in one week. After this an album was presented



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VOTING AT THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

LORD ROSEBURY COUNTING THE SHOW OF HANDS—THE "AYES" HAVE IT



THE DEATH, in his seventy-fourth year, is announced of Lord Lamington, better known as Mr. Baillie Cochrane, who was a member of the Young England party formed about 1843 by Mr. Disraeli. He represented Bridport from 1841 to 1852, Honiton from 1859 to 1868, and the Isle of Wight from 1870 to 1880, when he was raised to the Peerage at the instance of his old ally Lord Beaconsfield, then Prime Minister. He was the author of a novel, "Ernest Vane," of a poem "The Morea," and of several other works, some of them historical, of which his "Young Italy," by no means flattering to its subject, was the most striking. He was a contributor to the *Owl*, the precursor and parent of all our Society journals, and was the author of "The Days of the Dandies," now appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE DEATH is also announced, within a few weeks of completing his sixty-seventh year, of Sir Louis Mallet, a distinguished Civil servant, the active advocate of Free Trade principles and, latterly, of bi-metallism. He was a grandson of Mallet du Pan, the well-known French publicist, who spent in England much of his exile. Entering the Civil service, he was on the Board of Trade when he attracted the notice of Richard Cobden, then negotiating the famous commercial treaty with the Government of the Second French Empire, and it was Mallet who drew up the tariff which was embodied in it. In 1865 he took a leading part in organising a commercial treaty with Austria. In 1872 he was transferred from the Board of Trade to a seat on the Indian Council, and from 1874 to 1883, when he retired from the public service, he was Permanent Under Secretary of State for India.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Lady Henniker, wife of Sir Brydges Henniker, Bart., the Registrar-General, and sister of the Duchess of Rutland; in his eighty-fifth year, of Earl Sydney, who had filled a number of offices in successive Royal households, from that of Groom-in-Waiting to George IV. to that of Lord Steward of the Queen's Household, 1880-5 and 1886; in his eighty-first year, of Sir Robert Kane, a great authority on the industrial and social economy of Ireland, at one time President of Queen's College, Cork, and Director of the Economic Museum of Ireland, author of several works, among them a valuable one on "The Industrial Resources of Ireland"; in his eighty-ninth year, of General Edward Frome, Colonel-Commandant Royal Engineers; in his seventy-first year, of Major-General Hercules A. Welmen, who served in the Sutlej Campaign of 1845-6, and from 1875 to 1880 was Adjutant and Quartermaster-General of the Eastern District; in his seventy-seventh year, of Captain William Kennedy, commander of Lady Franklin's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin; in his seventy-second year, of Dr. James Lorimer, Professor of Public Law in the University of Edinburgh, author of a number of works, among which his "Institutes of Law" and "Institutes of the Law of Nations" have a high reputation; and in his sixty-second year, of Mr. Joseph Biggar, the well-known Nationalist M.P. He was a native of Belfast, where he succeeded to his father's business of provision-merchant. After having taken a prominent part in the local affairs of his native town, and shown himself an ardent Nationalist, he developed a parliamentary ambition, and contested unsuccessfully a seat for Londonderry city.



MR. J. G. BIGGAR, M.P. FOR WEST CAVAN
Born 1828. Died Feb. 19, 1890

Drawn from life by Mr. Sydney P. Hall during the sittings of the Parnell Commission

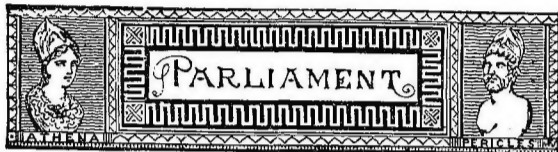
In 1874, however, he was elected for County Cavan, which he continued to represent until 1885, when he became M.P. for West Cavan, a seat which he held until his death. Very soon after entering the House of Commons he exhibited almost a unique talent for Obstruction, being though no orator unrivalled as a speaker against time. With Mr. Parnell's accession to the leadership of the Irish party, Mr. Biggar became the most trusted of his lieutenants, and was foremost in organizing the Land League, and in directing its operations. As one of the inculcated Irish M.P.'s he conducted in person his defence before the Special Commission. He had been in indifferent health for some months, when he died suddenly on Wednesday morning of heart-disease.

THE MINERS AND AN EIGHT HOURS BILL.—A deputation representing the Miners' National Federation, and accompanied by several M.P.'s, had an interview with the Home Secretary on Monday, to place before him a statement of the physical exhaustion and disease produced by the character of work in mines, and to ask for an Eight Hours Bill as at least a partial remedy. Mr. Matthews in reply said that he would be glad to receive any practical suggestions for the improvement of the ventilation of mines, and of the conditions under which mining work is performed. He could, however, hold out no hope that the Government would support any legislation imposing restrictions on the freedom of adult males in the disposal and management of their own labour. On Tuesday, the delegates of the Federation had an interview with Lord Dunraven and Lord Randolph Churchill, conjointly, and afterwards one with Mr. Gladstone.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL at its meeting on Tuesday adopted a recommendation of the Standing Committee prohibiting any member from acting as the professional adviser of any claimant whose property is to be acquired by the Council.

THE DIRECTORS of the South Metropolitan Gas Company state, in their half-yearly report, that they estimate at 50,000*l.* the direct cost to the Company of the recent strike, while the indirect expenses and losses may amount to about half that sum.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Lord Randolph Churchill's promised Liquor Bill, according to an authoritative sketch of its provisions, proposes to give to County Councils, through Committees to be appointed by them, the sole control over licences.—Ten thousand pounds in all have been raised towards the 25,000*l.* which, on the lowest estimate, is said to be required for the relief of the sufferers by the Llanerch Colliery disaster.—The Provisional Committee of the London Schools' Dinner Association have made grants of 450*l.* to various metropolitan centres.—An International Exhibition of Mining and Metallurgy is to be opened at the Crystal Palace in July. The Lord Mayor is the patron of the enterprise, the Duke of Fife Hon. President of the Committee, and Mr. Pritchard Morgan, M.P., Chairman of the Executive Council.—A Civil List pension of 75*l.* per annum has been granted to Miss E. J. Tupper, daughter of the late author of "Proverbial Philosophy."—A disastrous fire broke out a little before one on Tuesday morning on the premises of Messrs. Gay, Armstrong, and Co., behind the western frontage of the Westminster Bridge Road between Felix Street and Mason Street. Engines were at once summoned from all parts of London, and when one of them was being driven at full speed along Westminster Bridge Road a woman rushed in front of it, and was crushed to death by the heavy wheel passing over her head. The fire was ultimately subdued, but not before a fireman had been killed by the fall of a wall which dreadfully injured one of his comrades.



THE House of Commons has been steeped all the week in the still waters of debate on the Address, and, according to present appearances, is not likely to emerge before the end of next week. The particular and more serious amendment which has occupied the attention of the House through several nights was moved by Mr. Parnell last Friday. It was designed to raise the whole question of the administration of affairs in Ireland, laying at Mr. Balfour's door the accusation that "the happy growth of peaceful relations between the peoples of Ireland and Great Britain has been grievously impeded by his unjust, exasperating, and futile administration." Speaking on Friday night, Colonel Sanderson made a hit by suggesting that the amendment was so prosaic that it must have been drawn up by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. The right hon. gentleman, who partly represents Bradford, is a regular butt of Ministerial wit, both sides enjoying the exquisite railleury poured upon him by Mr. Balfour in his speech of Tuesday night. But, certainly, if Mr. Shaw-Lefevre had any hand in drawing the amendment, he achieved a composition that exceeded in force and vigour many of the speeches of which it was taken as a text.

Mr. Parnell himself was not at his best, probably because, contrary to his habit, he embarked upon some passages of eloquence. As a rule he is eminently a man of business, a personal peculiarity among Irish members, which possibly accounts in some measure for his pre-eminence. He says what he has to say in brief incisive phrases, and then goes away. On Friday he launched into a peroration in which he apostrophised first the Irish people, then the Liberal Opposition, and, somehow, this ornate passage seemed to overweight his speech.

On this first night the debate began to be marked by a characteristic which reappeared through successive days. There being strong Whips out on either side, with a view of avoiding surprise, the attendance of members in and about the House is considerable. They come in to hear a favourite speaker, and then flock out, leaving the House more desolate by reason of the comparison. When Mr. Parnell resumed his seat on Friday, and the Attorney-General for Ireland rose to reply, the benches swiftly emptied, and remained in that condition till, towards eleven o'clock, Colonel Sanderson appeared on the scene, and treated all comers to one of his rollicking speeches, beneath the fun of which there is always a substratum of sound common sense and shrewd observation. On Monday and Tuesday it was just the same, members flocking in to hear an attractive speaker, and rushing out when gentlemen like Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre took the floor. It was settled, somehow, in accordance with an unwritten law, that nothing less than three nights would serve for a debate of the precise character raised by Mr. Parnell. Therefore three nights were given up to it, whereas one would have sufficed for the delivery of the half-dozen speeches to which the House listened. The rest, for all practical purposes, might as well have been spoken up a neighbouring spout.

Among the pennyworths of bread in the intolerable quantity of sack were the speeches of Mr. O'Brien, Mr. T. W. Russell, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Balfour, Sir Henry James, and Mr. John Morley, the latter most welcome, as it served to wind up this section of the interminable debate on the Address. Mr. O'Brien spoke at the highest pitch, both vocally and intellectually. For an hour he shouted out sharp sayings, untrammelled by the use of notes, and excited by the proximity of some of the gentlemen whom he regards as the chief enemies of Ireland. It was a fine fighting speech, full of well-turned phrases, recalling "the stormy monotony of Titanic truculence which," according to Mr. Swinburne, "blusters like a simoon through the noisy course of the ten fierce acts" of Kit Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*. Mr. O'Brien found a worthy foe in Mr. T. W. Russell, who replied vigorously, dealing back blow for blow, gibe for gibe, contumely for contumely. It was, perhaps, a trifle more like Donnybrook Fair than the House of Commons; but members weary with much that had gone before keenly enjoyed the duel.

Provision of quite another kind was supplied at this same sitting when, succeeding each other at brief intervals, came Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. These worthy and estimable gentlemen recited in the presence of an extremely limited audience their personal experiences in Ireland, whither they had gone, impelled by a strong sense of duty, to master the situation and place themselves in a position to let the world know how things really went. Judging from the aspect of the House, the world did not particularly care to hear their testimony, the delivery of which made an appreciable inroad on the time of the sitting. But compensation in the way of intellectual delight was being quietly prepared. Among the few members present was Mr. Balfour, spread out at length on the Treasury Bench, smiling in ominous way whilst Mr. Stansfeld told how he had passed through Ireland not only unscathed, but unnoticed by the myrmidons of the Government. "So far," he said, with quite unconscious humour, "from having been followed by the police, I could with difficulty catch a policeman's eye." Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, on the other hand, had a terrible tale to tell of police surveillance. Evidently, according to his account, the whole

resources of the Irish Executive had been marshalled to counteract the influence of his presence in the disaffected country. They had done everything but arrest him, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre darkly hinted that there was more in this forbearance than met the eye.

On Monday night Mr. Balfour, literally like Brer Rabbit, "lay low and said nuffin." But on Tuesday his opportunity came, and he seized it with a merciless skill and capacity that delighted the crowded House. "Mr. Shaw-Lefevre," said Mr. Balfour, "was very angry indeed that he had not been arrested. He seemed to consider that I had slighted his efforts to stir up disorder in Ireland. Well, Sir, why was the right hon. gentleman not arrested? He was not arrested, and he was not tried, because, so far as I know, he committed no offence against the law calculated to produce the slightest evil, disturbance, or difficulty in any part of Ireland where he went. He did go to one part of Ireland where a dispute of the most acute kind was raging, but he was very careful in that place. He delivered a speech of a kind which would, I should think, damp even the most inflammable material." It requires a House of Commons' audience familiar with Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's characteristics and mannerisms thoroughly to enjoy the biting irony of this description of his loud vapourings at Westminster and his cautious reconnaissances in Ireland. The Opposition struggled in vain to preserve a solemn and profound countenance whilst Mr. Balfour, smilingly leaning over the table, thus "roasted" the member for Bradford. But presently they had to give in, and hearty laughter prevailed on all the benches save that on which Mr. Shaw-Lefevre sat.

The division came just before midnight on Tuesday. It was plain, but for that beneficent rule which peremptorily closes debate at twelve o'clock, it would have drifted on to some late hour in the morning. As it was, Mr. John Morley, charged with the duty of winding up the debate, found himself with a little over half-an-hour wherein to accomplish his task. Mr. Clancy, who had some hours earlier filled an otherwise empty house with his voice, had taken an hour for his speech. Mr. Morley having only thirty minutes was obliged to compress his remarks within that space, and it cannot be said that they suffered by the process. The division, showing a reduction of the ministerial majority to 67 in a House of 547 members, was hilariously received by the Opposition. For the Ministerialists it sufficed, inasmuch as it disposed of the amendment, and cleared the way for others dealing with miscellaneous affairs, which have occupied the House through the remainder of the week.

The shadow of the Report of the Parnell Commission has once or twice passed over the House. Questioned by Mr. Parnell, Mr. Smith announced the intention of the Government to move a resolution accepting the Report, thanking the judges for their labours, and ordering the Report to be entered on the records of the House. On this track the House will start afresh when it is delivered from the wet-blanket-folds of the debate on the Address.



MR. JUSTICE FIELD, who this week completed his term of fifteen years' service, has resigned his seat as Judge of the Queen's Bench Division.—Mr. Thomas W. Saunders, one of the magistrates of the Thames Police Court, has resigned in consequence of failing health.

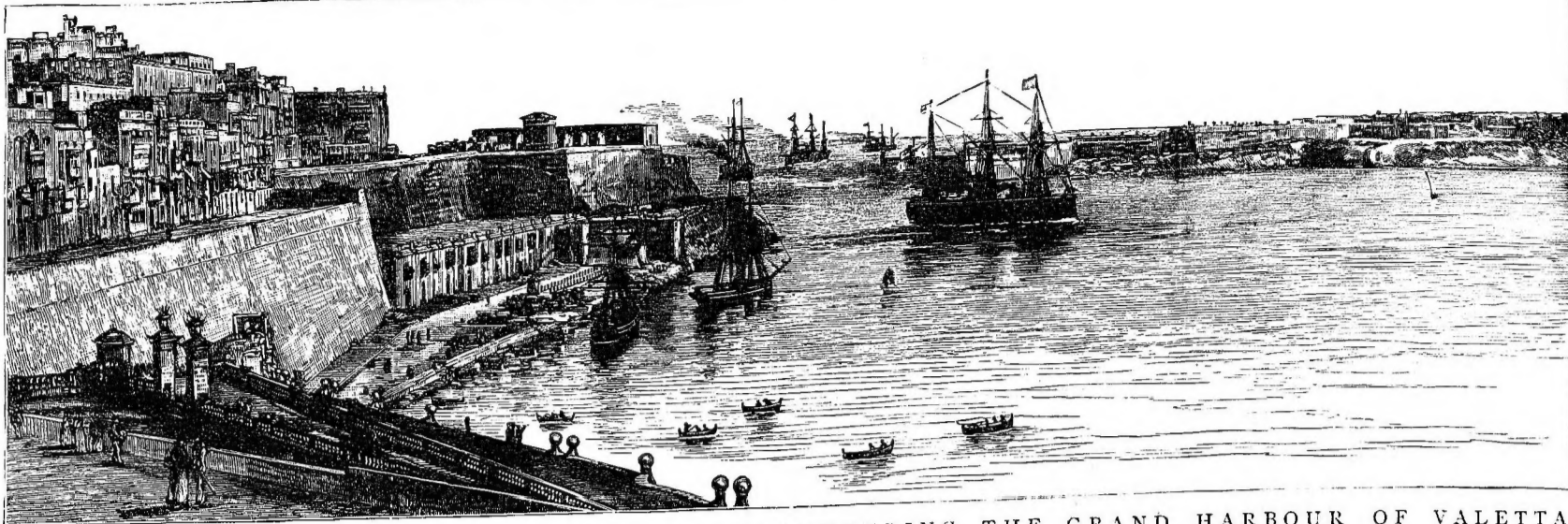
AT LAST MR. JUSTICE BUTT has disposed of Captain O'Shea's applications for writs of attachment against three newspapers, which he charged with having published improper comments on his conduct as plaintiff in the divorce suit against his wife and Mr. Parnell as co-respondent. The applications against the *Star* and the *New York Herald* were dismissed. The Judge, however, considered that the comments in the *Freeman's Journal* deserved punishment, and, as its Dublin publisher was out of the jurisdiction of the Court, he imposed a fine of 100*l.* on a Mr. Tuohy, who, he came to the conclusion, was the responsible manager of the London office of that journal.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST on the body of Amelia Jeffs, aged fifteen, the victim of the atrocious murder at West Ham, was opened there on Monday. Among the witnesses examined was her father, who described her as of shy and retiring disposition. He was not aware that she had any male or female acquaintances, or that she corresponded with any one. The plot of land at the back of the house where her body was found being, even in fine weather, muddy, the absence of any mud on her boots, which were produced in Court, seems to have led some of the jurors to the conclusion that she must have entered the fatal house by the front door. The inquiry was adjourned for a fortnight. A reward of £100 has been offered by the Mayor of West Ham for the discovery of the murderer.

RICHARD AND GEORGE DAVIES have been committed by the Crewe magistrates to be tried at the next Chester Assizes for the wilful murder of their father under circumstances already detailed in this column. Each of them, it will be remembered, accused the other of the crime, and both of them, on being committed, asserted their innocence.

THE GORDON BOYS' HOME at Woking is a most excellent institution, only too good, it would seem, for some of its juvenile inmates. Five of them, who were confined awaiting punishment for an attempt to escape, removed the panel of the door of their room, and making their way out, walked to Woking Station, where they concealed themselves in a goods truck, and travelled in it to Nine Elms. There they were detected, and being brought before the Wandsworth police magistrate on the charge of travelling without payment, were remanded to give them time to consider whether they would not return to the Home. On their second appearance in Court, the magistrate warned them that if they went to prison they would be turned out penniless, and Major-General Tyndall promised them lenient treatment if they returned. This they stubbornly refused to do, and were sent to prison for seven days in default of payment of a fine of five shillings.

PART OF THE STORY OF WHITTAM, who fired at two constables, and whose attempts at and plans of escape were reported in this column last week, has been discovered by the police. At nineteen he entered the 3rd Hussars, in which he served for several years. Afterwards he kept a beer-shop near Camberwell Green, and, this not being successful, he joined a pantomime company. At the time of his arrest he was keeping, and seemingly had lost all his money by, a coffee-house in York Street, Lambeth, where have been discovered a number of burglar's accessories and a great many pawn-tickets, some of which have been found to relate to the proceeds of burglaries in South Lambeth. The police, believing him to be an expert burglar, are surprised that they have been unable to prove against him any previous conviction. On his return, after being committed for trial, from Southwark Police Court to Holloway, in his disappointment at no attempt having been made to rescue him, he became so violent that he had to be put in irons. Having next attempted to strangle himself, and then to open an artery with his finger-nails, he has since been subjected to constant supervision by two warders. Whittam was a keen politician of advanced Liberal views, being a member of the Lambeth Progressive Club.



THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN FLEET TO MALTA—ENTERING THE GRAND HARBOUR OF VALETTA



JOHN PYM :
Mr. E. H. Clark, New College



WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD :
Mr. Henry Irying, Jun., New College

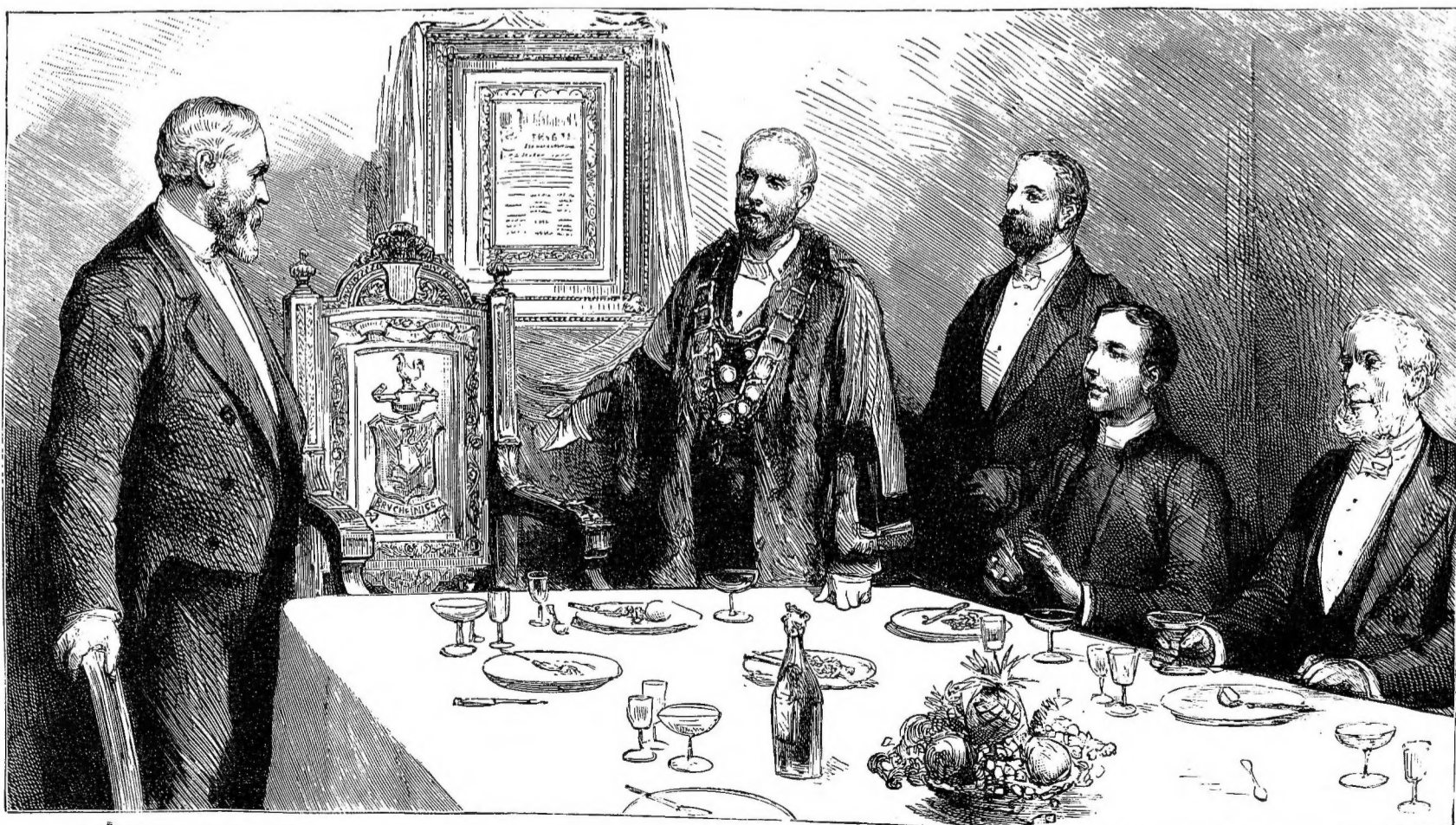


QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA :
Miss Kate Behnke



KING CHARLES I. :
Mr. Alexander M. Mackinnon, Trinity College

THE PERFORMANCE OF "STRAFFORD" BY THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY AT THE NEW THEATRE, OXFORD



Dr. James Williams, Ex-Mayor of Brecon

Colonel John Morgan,
Mayor of Brecon

Mr. Rhys Davies,
Secretary to the Committee

Rev. Oliver Lloyd

Alderman Games

PRESENTATION OF A CARVED OAK CHAIR TO COLONEL JOHN MORGAN, THE CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD COMMITTEE AT BRECON, SOUTH WALES



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

She wandered aimlessly about the house and gardens.

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

EDGAR TOMLINE was charmed and surprised by the discovery that Miss Marston's birthplace was within half-a-mile of his own home. So keenly did it interest him, that he was partly consoled by it for Lucy's going away alone, which she did almost immediately. He was thus left free to question old Jackson. How was it that Miss Marston had been born at Lilburn Farm? He had supposed her parents to have been Westfield people.

Jackson gave what information he could; it was not copious. Of course the fact had been divulged in Westfield that Lucy Marston was an adopted child; the whole village knew it very shortly after it had been made known to Lady Jane Enderby. Not that she ever mentioned it outside her own home, but Mr. Shard had no motive for concealing it. On the contrary, he wished it to be published for various reasons, one being that he might get all the credit that was to be had for continuing to maintain the girl. Some persons felt curious to know how it was that Marston had not provided for his adopted daughter by will; others supposed he might have made some other arrangement for her benefit. Many were puzzled to understand where the bulk of Mr. Marston's property went to—for it was taken for granted that he had left property behind him. But it was not a subject on which it would have been quite easy or agreeable to question Jacob Shard. Lady Jane Enderby, indeed, had not hesitated to do so; but very few persons

had the courage of Lady Jane, nor, to do her justice, the same warm interest in the orphan child. It was nobody's business. Once the Vicar, urged on by his wife, had ventured to make a few inquiries on Lucy's behalf. It was after the funeral of Lady Jane, and when the little girl had gone to stay at The Court with Mildred Enderby. Mr. Shard had been all frankness, all friendliness, all gratitude for the Vicar's kindly interest in Lucy, and had, very reluctantly—but was it not his duty to speak the truth?—confided to Mr. Arden, as he had confided to Lady Jane, how lamentably lax and unmethodical poor Marston had been in all money matters. And he even confessed that, the affairs of the estate being now pretty nearly wound up, it appeared on documentary evidence that Marston had debts to the firm, for which no assets were forthcoming. A small sum of ready cash had been found in his late partner's private dispatch-box, and that sum, Mr. Shard begged to assure the Vicar, should be considered by him as a sacred deposit to be devoted to Lucy's use; and while he, Jacob Shard, lived, she should never want. He talked fluently and rapidly, and if the result was to leave no definite statement of facts on the Vicar's mind, but merely a general impression that the Shards had been rather unfairly burthened with the maintenance of one who was no kith or kin to them, that probably arose from Mr. Arden's being a rather slow-minded man, whose apprehension had not kept pace with the lawyer's voluble eloquence. And in any case, what could he do? It was clearly nobody's business.

Various distorted and exaggerated versions of all this had got abroad in the village, and been canvassed long ago. But Mrs. Jackson, after greedily listening to all the current versions of the story, had selected various details from each, and combined them all into one legend which she adopted and clung to—it having the unique advantage of presenting everybody concerned in the most unfavourable light possible.

To young Tomline, who had not been in the place a twelvemonth, and who, in any case, was not likely to hear much local gossip, Lucy's little history was quite new. He was still eagerly drinking in all that old Thomas could tell him, when Mrs. Jackson appeared on the scene. She had been marketing, and carried a flap basket in her hand. Mr. Edgar Tomline she greeted with scant courtesy. He was a subordinate, and a person of no consequence. Moreover, Hannah—assuming that he had come to visit her husband in his professional capacity—privately resented Dr. Goodchild's sending "his young man." They paid their doctor's bills punctually; and Mrs. Jackson was of opinion that the inferior skill of the assistant ought to be exclusively exercised on pauper patients.

Her husband did not mend matters by insisting on her bringing out a jug of ale for their visitor. Hospitality was one of the many points on which Mr. and Mrs. Jackson's views differed; and one of the few on which the husband insisted on having his own way.

The ale was brought; and Tomline, taking a short briar-wood pipe from his pocket, began to smoke. If there were no more

particulars to be learnt about Lucy Marston, it was, at any rate, delicious to hear the sound of her name, and to be able to pronounce it himself, over and over again.

"We were just talking, Mr. Jackson and I, about—" The young man had got thus far, when Jackson interrupted him. "Have another glass, Mr. Tomline," he said. "Good sound tittle it is, though I say it. And if I thought you wouldn't tell the doctor, I'm blessed if I wouldn't have a drop myself."

"Worst stuff in the world for rheumatic affections," answered Tomline, shaking his head.

To his surprise, Mrs. Jackson here interposed, by bringing a second glass from a cupboard, and filling it up for her husband.

"That's as it may be," she said, tartly. "It takes a many years before a doctor can understand everybody's symptoms. And some on 'em makes mistakes to the end of the chapter. And as to its being good tittle, it had ought to be that, seeing as we pay the best price, and deal with the best brewers, and have a cask over at our own expense—rail to Westfield Road, and carrier to this very door—whenever we want one; and that you know as well as me, Jackson. None o' your public-house beer for me! I say nothing against the Enderby Arms, and I daresay they know how to suit their customers. But I've been used to a good cellar, and I can't put up with the second best, and 'twould be no use for you to expect I should, Jackson."

It was, in fact, this conviction of the superiority of her own ale over that retailed at the village inn, which had decided Mrs. Jackson to indulge her husband with a glass of the forbidden liquor. It was less harrowing to her feelings that he should drink it, than that it should be bestowed unprofitably on young Tomline.

The latter, quite unconscious of these sentiments, finished his glass, and smoked on for awhile in silent meditation, staring at the fire.

At length, raising his eyes to Mr. Jackson's, he said, "When I write home, I'll ask my mother if she remembers who the people were that were living at Libburn Farm eighteen years ago. My mother might, perhaps, have heard something about that Mrs. Smith, who—"

At this point Edgar Tomline's speech was interrupted by a direful crash. A sudden movement of Mr. Jackson's elbow had overturned the jug, which fell in fragments on the hearth, while the ale trickled from beneath the fender and meandered over the sacred drugget. Hannah started up in angry consternation.

"Good laws a mercy, Jackson," she exclaimed, "however come you to be so outrageous clumsy? Look at that hearth, fresh stoned and scoured only this very morning! Who's to keep a place clean and decent wi' men messing and smashing about like so many wild beasts? I dunno, I'm sure, but what it would please some folks best to live in a pigstye at once! There's some men as their stomachs seem fairly to rise against a duster; and bath brick or a damp birch broom is poison to 'em."

Mrs. Jackson, who had been gathering up the fragments of her jug, here broke off to run into the kitchen for a cloth to wipe up the ale. And the instant her back was turned, her husband, whose face had been expressing deep concern, dashed with compunction, exhibited a remarkable change of countenance. He made a hideous grimace at young Tomline, who had risen from his seat when the catastrophe occurred, and motioned him with his hand to come nearer.

"I'm very sorry," said Tomline, looking at him in some perplexity.

"Oh, dang th' old crock! What does it matter if I'd broke half-a-dozen on 'em? Not that I'm fond o' wasting my brass neither," added Mr. Jackson, with evident sincerity. "But, look here, lad! Put your head down and be looking at the hearth! There! Listen to me; least said soonest mended. If you want to talk about—a certain person, talk to me. My old woman has her likes and dislikes, and she ain't fond of thee—yes; no doubt you're in the right of it, Mr. Tomline, th' ale won't stain. Oh, here's the missis. Mr. Tomline thinks there'll be no mark on thy drugget, lass!"

But Mrs. Jackson was far too irate to condescend to any polite assumption of respect for Mr. Tomline's consolatory opinion. Her mood was tragic and impatient of trifling. As she knelt down to rub at the carpet, she resumed the monologue temporarily interrupted, while her husband, with one final warning gesture, finger on lip, over her unconscious lack to the young man, puffed at his pipe, and resigned himself to listen.

"Ah! Mr. Tomline may think what he pleases, but it's only them as has a houseful o' their own understand; what furniture is. Lodgings won't teach you. No; nor yet board and a bedroom in a doctor's house. You have to toil and moil, and rub and scrub to keep things decent, and then see a parcel o' men-folks ramping and—and champing over the place like wild bulls of Basan, smashing the middle jug of a set, and pouring out the best bitter ale like water over your own clean hearthstone, before you can enter into a person's feelings that has furniture o' their own."

Mr. Jackson groaned sympathetically. "Well," said he, "we've escaped wi' our lives, lass; and that's summat!"

Whether or no irony were a good rhetorical figure to employ against Mrs. Hannah Jackson, depended on one's aim in using it. If the speaker's object were merely to relieve his own feelings with impunity, it was an admirable one. But if intended as a weapon of offence, it was by no means effective; for it must be allowed that to have one's ironical hyperbole taken literally, and contemptuously treated as a manifestation of weak reasoning powers, is, to say the least, disconcerting. It did not, however, disconcert Mr. Jackson, who grinned to himself as his better-half answered loftily, "That's but a poor kind of an excuse for ockardness, Jackson, to say you've got off without killing yourself. And there has been cases of folks losing their lives through breakages. When I was at Lord Percy Humberstone's, a child in the village tumbled down with a glass bottle in its hand, and cut itself that bad, as they thought it would ha' bled to death."

Edgar Tomline, as he left the cottage and walked down the village street, was intent on what he had heard about Lucy. On the whole, if his hopes had received no substantial encouragement, yet his spirits were raised by what he had learned. Hopes, indeed, he could scarcely be said to have consciously entertained. But hope pervades our desires, as subtly as air pervades our life. It seemed to him that Lucy's orphanhood brought her somehow nearer, and more within reach. His imagination made delightful pictures of Lucy at Ravenshaw. His father would admire her beauty, and her sweet, lively ways. But his mother would be best able to appreciate her. And how her heart would warm to the motherless girl! Perhaps she might even remember Lucy's own mother at Libburn Farm. Edgar did not enjoy thinking of Mrs. Smith, who seemed to have given up her child in a very hard and heartless fashion.

In thinking it over, he understood why old Jackson had warned him not to talk of Lucy's mother. Mrs. Jackson was an ill-natured woman at the best, and it needed no exceptional amount of ill-nature to find fault with a mother who abandons her child to strangers. And perhaps, too, there were scandalous rumours about Mrs. Smith. Very little seemed to be known of her antecedents, even by the Marstons, and Westfield is not the only place in the world where the unknown, far from being assumed to be magnificent, is set down as reprehensible.

The young man was sufficiently "canny" and cautious to hold his tongue to the village gossips. But he wrote a letter that same

evening to his mother, asking her, in as light and unemphatic a tone as he could achieve, if she chanced to remember anything of the former tenants of Libburn Farm, and of the lady who gave birth to a little girl while lodging there some eighteen years ago.

Meanwhile the subject of these thoughts and speculations had proceeded on her errand to Mrs. Shard's house, and had been received there by Aunt Sarah with a mien somewhat more dismal than usual.

"It's no use to talk to me Lucy," she said: "I can't enter into the ins and outs of things like those who have had nothing to do all their lives but talk and read and do fancy-work. I have had all their duties to do, and I have done them; but I've never had time for conversation, nor understanding the ways of great people, and it won't be expected of me in the Kingdom of Heaven, that's one comfort. All I know is that your uncle isn't pleased with the way you manage at Enderby Court. He says you haven't made a good impression on Lady Charlotte; and why in the world you don't do it, when you know how important it is, I can't think, I really cannot."

This was not an exhilarating style of discourse, and after the emotions of the morning, poor Lucy felt it very difficult to forbear bursting into tears from sheer nervous depression. But when Mr. Shard came home, he proved to be in a sufficiently good humour; and, to Lucy's great relief, he spared her a lecture on the best method of managing Lady Charlotte.

"I have been at the station at Westfield Road," said he, rubbing his hands as his manner was when pleased; "and there was Sir Lionel seeing his daughter off. Oh dear yes; Sir Lionel himself, to be sure. They were a deal too early; had to wait twenty minutes for the train. So I had a little chat with the baronet. Very affable he was too. Very affable indeed." Then, turning to Lucy, he said, "I had heard about this Oxford gentleman coming down to stay at the Court. Got it out of Mrs. Griffiths. Mrs. Griffiths and I have become quite chums since I saw you last. I've been able to help her in a little matter about an investment of hers. She was going to make ducks and drakes of her money—putting it into some bogus company they'd bamboozled her about. She'd even paid a deposit on some shares—ha, ha, ha! But as I happened to know something about the concern through my cousin in London, I just warned her in time. Couldn't get back the deposit though! No go. They're a deal too sharp for that, thank ye!" And here Mr. Shard chuckled with sympathetic admiration. "But I saved her from a bad mess; and she's very grateful and chatty, and tells me a good deal that's worth knowing. So you see, Lucy—with sudden solemnity—"that we ought never to neglect helping our fellow-creatures when there's the smallest chance of their being able to help us again."

"I am glad you saved Mrs. Griffiths from losing her money," said Lucy, quietly; "she is a very good old soul."

"She's a regular old simpleton," assented Mr. Shard, with a nod, as though the two phrases had been synonymous. "And I never let my pride stand in the way of business; I'd hob and nob with any one of the servants at the hall if I thought they could be useful."

"Ah, to be sure!" murmured Mrs. Shard. "Pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty spirit before destruction." We're all worms and mire, and when once you're sure of that you have peace of mind."

Lucy—perhaps from not having reached this comfortable conviction—was decidedly mortified by the idea which Mr. Shard had presented to her imagination of his "hobbing and nobbing" with the servants at The Court: and she said, somewhat stiffly, that it was good to be kind to all people, but surely not necessary to be familiar.

"Ah, that's your mistake, Lucy," returned Mr. Shard, without the least temper, but in a tone of almost contemptuous pity; "that's where you've got on the wrong side of the hedge with Lady C., through being too stuck up and high-flown in your notions. However," shrugging his shoulders, and raising his hands with the palms outwards, "I'm not going to waste my time going over all that ground again. I gave you good advice, and did my best for you, and now I'm going to do my best for myself; don't make any mistake about that. If I hadn't heard from Mrs. Griffiths something about this Oxford Dr. What's-his-name, I shouldn't have been able to make myself so agreeable to Sir Lionel, and I should have lost a chance. As it was, by a little judicious soft-sawder in the right place, I pleased him, and got him to listen to me, and did myself a good turn. And who's the worse for it? I don't know what's the good of Providence laying opportunities in our way if we go about with our noses in the air, and are too proud to pick 'em up!"

There was a silence, broken only by a prolonged sniff from Mrs. Shard. She shook her head over some kitchen towels she was marking, and brought down a hot iron on them every now and then with a hopeless kind of *flop*, as though she were emphasising the vanity of all sublunary things.

"Do you know, Uncle Jacob," said Lucy, at length, "that Sir Lionel has asked me to remain at The Court during Mildred's absence?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Shard, in a high-pitched tone of voice. "Yes; Miss Enderby mentioned it. All very well, Lucy; so much the better. Make hay while the sun shines, if you can. It's your own look out, entirely; I shan't interfere. But as far as I and my affairs are concerned, I've taken matters into my own hands, and don't mean to trouble you." And Mr. Shard, sticking his hands into his pockets, elevated his eyebrows and his shoulders as well as his voice, by way of expressing that he divested himself of all further interest in Lucy's behaviour at The Court.

This resolution on her uncle's part was a great relief to her mind, and she left the Shards' house somewhat more cheerful than when she had entered it—a thing which had rarely happened of late.

But this little elation of spirits did not last long. She was presently bowed down by shame and confusion in listening to Sir Lionel's account of his interview with Mr. Shard at Westfield Road. "I assure you, Charlotte," said the good, simple gentleman, "that I felt I had done Mr. Shard some injustice. Understand me, my dear Lucy, I allude to my judgment of your uncle's manner—merely his manner. He is no kin to our late esteemed friend Marston, and therefore it will not, I trust, hurt your feelings if we admit among ourselves that Mr. Shard's manner is not at first sight prepossessing. But I was surprised, Charlotte, to find that he takes a great interest in all our local antiquities, and only regrets that his business leaves him so little time for studying them. He knew all enough to say he had read with delight as well as instruction. He flattering to my humble acquirements, but still—in short, I find my lustre on Westfield."

"I told you," answered Lady Charlotte, with a kind of calm triumph, "that Mr. Shard was a man of very sound sense and right principles. I am glad you had the opportunity of speaking" with

During all this Lucy endured an agony of shame and misery, and, by her silence and her downcast looks, gave Lady Charlotte occasion to remark privately to Sir Lionel what a pity it was that Miss Marston seemed to have no feeling of attachment for the Shards, who had been so good to her.

CHAPTER XII.

MOVEMENT and change of any kind propagate themselves. The innovation of Dr. Lux's visit to Enderby Court brought a great many unforeseen consequences in its train. In the first place, Sir Lionel discovered that a break in the routine to which he had so long accustomed himself injured neither his health nor his comfort, while it gave him considerable gratification in various ways. But then, certainly, this was due to his sister-in-law's presence. It was a great thing to have a lady at the head of his household who could take upon herself to entertain such a guest as Dr. Lux. Neither Miss Feltham nor Lucy Marston would have been equal to that responsibility!

Sir Lionel would not, perhaps, have thought so before Lady Charlotte's arrival; but he was beginning to see many things with her eyes. He was a man of the sort with whom other men are apt to become impatient, but who was sure to be under some guiding, feminine influence throughout his life. Since his wife's death he had gradually come to rely very much on Lucy Marston, young as she was. He was quite unconscious how much he had leant on her intelligence and quickness of perception in what he was pleased to term his "literary work." But Lady Charlotte was rapidly usurping poor Lucy's place as his literary counsellor. It cannot be said that Sir Lionel altogether enjoyed the change. With all her wish to please him, she was by nature too inflexible and too well persuaded of her own superiority to be an agreeable substitute for Lucy, with her youthful submission to his judgments, and her rapid intuition which helped him to form them. But even the most uncompromising selfishness finds itself compelled by the nature of things to make some compromises, and Sir Lionel's selfishness was far from being of the most uncompromising kind; what was supremely disagreeable to it was a struggle.

To Dr. Lux, Lady Charlotte made herself very charming. Dr. Lux was a dry, saturnine little man, of whom his inferiors were apt to be afraid, and with whom many of his equals found it not altogether easy to be on friendly terms. But his asperities were wonderfully smoothed down by his reception at Enderby Court; and, above all, by the absence of anything which could be construed into rivalry. Neither Dr. Lux's pugnacity, nor his jealousy, were excited by poor Sir Lionel, whose pretensions to scholarship he treated with a kind of amused indulgence.

But with Lady Charlotte he was honestly delighted. Her rank had some share in the impression she made on him, but a far greater charm lay in the ease of her high-bred manner. There was a subtle flattery in seeing so aristocratic a woman, who had reigned in the world of fashion, listening to his conversation with an air of pleased deference. Dr. Lux had had his triumphs, and had been for years accustomed to supremacy over a great many of his fellow-creatures; but elegant and patrician women had not been among them. It was a delightful novelty to find himself achieving anything like social success; and success in a new direction is always enchanting, for it widens the horizon of our possibilities.

Of Lucy Marston the Oxford don took very little notice; and had he been asked to describe her, would probably have said that she was a silent, shy, pale little girl. For the atmosphere of constraint in which Lucy was living effectually quenched her brightness. To be playful or cheerful, or even simply natural, in Lady Charlotte's presence, was becoming impossible to her. If she ventured a little speech in her old vivacious, familiar manner, it was met by her ladyship either in stony silence, or with a cool, cut, matter-of-fact reply, which was equally crushing. She scarcely ever saw Sir Lionel except at table, or during the hour or two which he sometimes passed after dinner in the drawing-room, in honour of his guest. And she never saw him alone. Her occupation, so far as he was concerned, was gone. She wandered aimlessly about the house and gardens, and passed hours in dreamily playing remembered fragments on the piano in the deserted schoolroom.

It was a dreary time, and none the less so because the girl, incredulous of determined and systematic unkindness, would sometimes reproach herself with her discontent, and almost persuade herself that there must be some undetected fault in her own temper or character which made it so apparently impossible to her to win Lady Charlotte's approbation. But if, impelled by this idea, she made any little attempt to be useful or companionable to Lady Charlotte, it was so icily repulsed that she was perforce thrown back on solitude during the greater part of her waking hours.

The only ray of light came from Mildred's letters. Mildred was well, and was enjoying herself, and was enchanted with the nursery full of little cousins, of whose wonderful sayings and doings she narrated a great deal in writing to her friend. One or two of these baby-stories Lucy repeated to Sir Lionel one day at luncheon, thereby arousing a strong feeling of jealousy in Lady Charlotte, to whom Mildred had not written with equal copiousness.

Dr. Lux's visit, originally intended to last only two days, was extended to a week; and before he left Enderby Court he had made a suggestion to Sir Lionel, which at first appeared to the latter quite startling in its boldness, but with which he familiarised himself more quickly than might have been expected. This suggestion was that Sir Lionel should visit Italy and Greece. It arose from the mention of Sir Lionel's articles on the Polymetis.

"Why," said Dr. Lux, "should his host not visit the great sculpture galleries, and see the great temples, for himself? He professed himself astonished that a man of such cultivated and classical tastes should not have done so long ago."

"But, my dear sir," answered Sir Lionel, almost gasping, "you forget my wretched health—the precarious state of my nervous system!"

"No, indeed, Sir Lionel; on the contrary, I am inclined to think that the change, and pleasurable excitement, would be of immense benefit to you."

"I was in Italy as a young fellow," said Sir Lionel, with a peevish little puckering of the mouth. "I passed a winter in Florence, and saw the lakes. But I remember the cooking was atrocious. At that time of my life I cared more for a good dinner than I do now; but I was better able to digest a bad one. I'm afraid—I'm afraid it wouldn't do, eh, Charlotte?"

Seeing that the project had originated with Lady Charlotte, it was not likely that she should find any insurmountable difficulties in carrying it out. It had darted into her mind as a luminous idea, which, if it could become an accomplished fact, would facilitate several other plans that she had in view. And she had finally begged Dr. Lux to suggest it to her brother-in-law.

And it must be understood that Lady Charlotte had fully persuaded herself that change of air and scene would be very beneficial to him. So the first seed of the project was dropped into Sir Lionel's mind by Dr. Lux at a favourable moment, and it certainly fructified.

Dr. Lux's visit was over—he had departed with many pressing requests that he might have the pleasure of receiving Sir Lionel at Oxford, and a warm recommendation to try a winter in Rome—but still Mildred did not return.

Lady Grimstock wrote to beg that she might remain awhile longer, and she herself was evidently quite willing to do so.

"Adelaide is behaving very nicely," said Lady Charlotte to herself.

And she forthwith wrote to her sister-in-law, laying great stress on the advantage to Mildred of breaking off sundry intimacies, and forming new and suitable friendships.

Lady Charlotte had quite made up her mind that Miss Feltham

must be got rid off; and she had been considering how best to broach the subject to Sir Lionel, when the opportunity arose out of a conversation begun on a totally different subject.

She and Sir Lionel were alone in the library, when the latter, who had been sitting for some time with closed eyes, said, abruptly, and in a querulous tone—

"I should be poisoned by the hotel food; it would kill me. And there are certain things which no one can prepare to suit me like Philippe."

Lady Charlotte betrayed no surprise, although she felt a good deal, and even more satisfaction, at discovering how much Sir Lionel's mind had evidently been dwelling on the idea of foreign travel. She answered calmly, in her usual slow accents—

"Why not take Philippe with you? It is so obvious that you ought not to run any risk which can be avoided, that I wonder we did not think of it before."

"Oh, I thought of it the moment Dr. Lux suggested my going abroad," said Sir Lionel, naively. "But, you see, it would involve having a whole establishment."

"Of course you would take your own man with you in any case?" said Lady Charlotte, after a brief, meditative pause.

"Oh, of course! I could not possibly do without Brooks; personal attendance from strangers is unspeakably disagreeable to me."

"Exactly. Well, would it not be the best plan to hire a suite of rooms, and let Philippe engage such subordinates as might be necessary? The Grimstocks were in an hotel at Rome. But I feel sure that the other mode of living would suit you better."

And so the matter was discussed more and more in detail, until, at length, Sir Lionel said, suddenly—

"Why should we not all go? You would not object to a winter in Italy, would you, Charlotte?—and I think Mildred might enjoy it."

By dint of talking it over, Sir Lionel had come to picture his daily life abroad; and directly that was brought clearly within range of his imagination, he perceived that nothing less than transporting the chief part of his household with him would secure his comfort.

This proposition was received by Lady Charlotte with enthusiasm. It cut the knot of many difficulties; and she took care not to let her brother-in-law's purpose cool before she had persuaded him to pension off Miss Feltham.

Her next step was to summon Mr. Shard to speak with her privately. She informed him of Sir Lionel's intention to spend the winter abroad, and advised him to lose no time in finding some other home than Enderby Court for Miss Marston; adding that it was clearly his duty to put the girl in the way of earning her own livelihood.

"I speak quite frankly to you, Mr. Shard," she said, "and I repose some confidence in you by doing so."

Mr. Shard declared himself highly honoured, and greatly interested and edified by hearing Lady Charlotte's view of the case, which she propounded instructively.

Great would have been her amazement could she have guessed that Mr. Shard had at one time balanced in his mind whether he should play off Lucy against her ladyship; pitting Lucy's influence with Mildred against Lady Charlotte's with Sir Lionel; and that he only abstained from that attempt on being convinced that Lucy was entirely unfitted to carry it out.

Having, however reluctantly, come to this conclusion, Jacob Shard was not the man to let any weak scruples prevent him from going over with bag and baggage to the other side. If Lucy had been able to take advantage of her opportunities, he would have helped himself by helping her; and he would by no means have grudged her any social superiority achieved in playing the game for their mutual benefit. What he was greedy of was solid cash. Other ambitions were infirmities which he could smile at, and profit by. He had long ago read Lady Charlotte like a book. He perceived her wishes with regard to Lucy, and understood her motives far more clearly than she acknowledged them to herself.

"It's just a jealous antipathy," said Mr. Shard, in his own mind. "When the girl is out of her sight, my lady can persuade herself that she is acting from wisdom and high principle, and all manner of fine things. But directly she sees her again, she feels she hates her; and it's *infra dig.* for Lady Charlotte Gaunt to hate a little nobody like Lucy Marston; and knowing that, makes her hate her worse than ever."

Mr. Shard had made a successful attempt to curry favour with Sir Lionel during their interview at Westfield Road Station. And he had to a great extent won over Mrs. Griffiths by his timely assistance in the matter of the fraudulent shares. But these were subsidiary aids. It became clearer and clearer to him as the weeks went on that Lady Charlotte's was rapidly becoming the ruling influence at Enderby Court; and that, in order effectually to propitiate Lady Charlotte, he must send Lucy away. There were other reasons which made him not averse from doing so. If she remained in Westfield, it was just possible that, some day or other, an account of Mr. Marston's affairs might be demanded of him. And although Mr. Shard was firmly resolved to resist any such demand, there being no one who had a right to insist on it, yet he would rather not be asked any questions. Moreover, if Lucy were cut adrift from Enderby Court, and remained in the village, she would expect to be wholly maintained by him. And, preposterous as such a pretension appeared to him, he knew very well that many persons in Westfield would look on it as the most natural thing in the world.

Mention has been made of Mr. Shard's cousin in London, from whom he got the information which proved so useful to Mrs. Griffiths. This man, Adolphus Hawkins by name, belonged to a species whose existence is possible only in great cities. He had no ostensible trade or profession; but he had a dingy little den, called "the office," on the ground-floor of the house he inhabited in Great Portland Street, where—among other mysterious affairs—he transacted business as the agent of a Loan Society. Such, at least, was his present position. But he now and then enjoyed sudden bursts of prosperity, followed by equally sudden eclipse; and he lived in the daily expectation of making his fortune by a brilliant stroke of luck. He was a man of superior education and address to Jacob Shard, and had married a very different woman from his cousin's wife. The two men had more than once been useful to each other, and had, therefore, continued to be on friendly terms, although their intercourse had been limited to an occasional brief interview in Hawkins's office whenever Mr. Shard found himself in London.

On leaving Lady Charlotte, Mr. Shard at once repaired to his own private den, and then and there wrote the following letter, addressed to Adolphus Hawkins, Esquire:—

"DEAR DOHPI,

"You have so many irons in the fire, that I think you may be able to help me in the following matter. I want to find employment for a young girl about eighteen. First-rate accomplishments, accustomed to swell society, but would take almost anything as a beginning. A small premium would be paid, if she could be got into a good school as teacher. You could charge a stiff percentage on the transaction. Answer by return if this would be at all in your line, and in case we see our way to business I could take a run up to town and speak with you. Perhaps Mrs. Hawkins might know of something which would suit. The girl is

an orphan without a farthing in the world, and must earn her own bread and cheese.—Yours, J. S."

(To be continued)

OPORTO AFTER THE ULTIMATUM

BY A LADY

ON disembarking at Oporto, after a short but stormy voyage, I was surprised to be greeted by my friends as a perfect heroine. They had never expected me, or would have telegraphed a warning. The place was scarcely habitable; plans were already afoot for sending the women and children to England, and only that morning they had been politely informed by a notice affixed to their gate that they were shortly to be blown up with dynamite! This was not pleasant news. However, here I was, and, feeling that I would rather face any dangers on land than commit myself again so soon to the tender mercies of the Bay of Biscay, I determined to put on a bold face, and laugh at the somewhat exaggerated fears of my timorous friends. As we drove from the riverside through the steep uneven streets, their brightly-coloured houses bathed in the warm afternoon sunshine, we were met by a procession of students—medical and others—wearing black cloaks, thrown with affected carelessness over the left shoulder, and caps, not unlike those of fishermen, jauntily tilted on one side. They no sooner caught sight of us than they set up a shout of "Viva Portugal! Viva Serpa Pinto! Morra Inglaterra!" which was energetically echoed by the tag-rag and bob-tail at their heels. It seems that these enthusiastic youths parade the streets and suburbs daily, collecting considerable sums of money to be devoted to the purchase of ironclads, and so successfully have they worked on the feelings of the citizens that the "National Defence Fund" is beginning to assume quite respectable proportions—rich and poor alike contributing with a readiness which speaks well for their patriotism.

I found that, during the last week, my friends had not stirred out of the house, believing that to do so would be to expose themselves to insult; but on my account they now ventured, and we had no reason to repent of our rashness. The street boys, always obnoxious, had certainly now an extra inducement to make targets of us; but beyond this and a few complimentary epithets—such as "beef," "pirates," and "ladroes" (thieves), we met with no ill-treatment; though the evil glances and insolent stares, accompanied by the disdainful remark "Ingleses," which generally greeted our approach, showed how universal is the feeling of hatred and indignation. It is really wonderful to see with what intensity of conviction the Portuguese of all classes believe that we have wronged them and defrauded them. Africa, they say, is theirs; they discovered it centuries ago, and have been spreading religion and civilisation with self-sacrificing diligence; now England—grasping, thievish England—fixing greedy eyes on the land, which they alone have made worth possessing, presuming on her cannons, her ships, which they have taught her to use, and her riches, gained ever at their cost, would rob them of it by brute force! Such is the view of the case which the newspapers industriously propagate, and the people, even the more educated, readily believe. It is these newspapers which do most of the mischief, and fan the flame of popular indignation which, left alone, would soon probably die away. All the opprobrious adjectives in the dictionary are insufficient to express and stigmatise the conduct of "the unfaithful and ungrateful ally," which has forgotten how Portugal protected it from the armies of Napoleon!

"Where any other nation would have a heart," says one journal, "England has a bag of money; it is this that we must pierce." The notion has found favour in the eyes of the aggrieved people, and the result is a "commercial crusade" of the most suicidal nature. No more cotton goods shall be imported—so Manchester will be ruined! Spanish and Belgian coal shall take the place of English, and then of what use to Northumberland will be its wealthy mines? The steamers of the Royal Mail and Pacific Companies are to take no more Portuguese freights or passengers to Brazil; their advertising boards are everywhere throughout the country torn down, and their native agents have sent in their resignations. Shop after shop has agreed to cut off all dealings with England and to rescind all orders, with a disregard of self-interest only to be accounted for by the frenzy of impotent rage. Even their beloved "Cacalhau" (dried codfish), the staple food of the country, must be foregone, if it has been imported, as most of it is, by English firms; and it was lately urged that English sovereigns should no longer be current coin, though, for obvious reasons, this suggestion fell flat. (By the way, one paper asserts that the reason they have so little gold coinage of their own is that, being purer, it is taken to England to be re-coined, mixed with baser metal, and so England is enriched.) Ludicrous as this childish display of temper cannot but appear, it has its serious side. By their "commercial crusade," the Portuguese are injuring—not England, which can afford to smile at their attempts; not themselves only, though it surely must be so; but those representatives of the hated country who for long years have lived on friendly terms amongst them, and whose livelihood depends on their custom and support. For the sake of the large English colonies established both here and in Lisbon, it is to be hoped that better counsels may ere long prevail, and that the storm which now rages may be as transient as it was unexpected.

Though I might have chosen a more favourable time for my visit, I am not disappointed in the expectations I had formed of a place little known to tourists, and chiefly owing what celebrity it possesses to the wine to which it has given a name. It is no small thing to escape from the monotonous gloom and biting winds of an English January to blue skies and warm sunshine. The first sight of the irregularly built houses, of all the colours of the rainbow, clustering round the mouth of the Douro, as one approaches the evil-reputed bar, is most cheerful and attractive. The town itself is picturesquely perched on the left bank of the river, looking down on the Custom House and shipping, and across at the wine stores of Villa Nova da Guaya, with their dark background of pine-clad hills. The streets have a delightful way of dipping down and climbing up suddenly; the pavements are usually narrow, and commanded by a battery of water-spouts, truly formidable in rainy weather—while between intersecting tram-lines, crawling bullock-carts, and recklessly-driven calèches, navigation in the centre is by no means easy.

The churches, though numerous, are, with a few exceptions, anything but imposing; and indeed the town is rather deficient in handsome buildings of any sort, though the *font-ensemble* is pleasing. The private houses are nearly all provided with balconies, in which the inhabitants love to stand gazing, and from which the ladies shower down flowers upon the heads of the patriotic students. Soon they will serve another purpose, for the Carnival is coming on, with its processions of maskers, its squirts, and its general riotousness; and then will those "Ingleses," who do not wish to be drenched with bad scent and smothered in flour, do well to keep to their houses; for, in the present state of affairs, the romping is not unlikely to prove "a jest in sober earnest."

THE LITTLE KING OF SPAIN does not recover his strength satisfactorily. The doctors propose that the child should spend the remainder of the winter on the Riviera, as the weather at Madrid is most unfavourable just now.



It must be owned that "Barbara Allan, the Provost's Daughter," by Robert Cleland (2 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), appeals to those who will read it for the old song's sake on somewhat false pretences. It is true that the heroine's name is faithfully copied; that the title-page is faced by the lines—

A young man lay on his dying bed
For love of Barbara Allan;

and that the song naturally lends itself to adaptation and elaboration in prose, as old songs mostly will. But the Barbara of the novel has no scorn of true love—quite the contrary; and the "young man," after having been absent on a cruise long enough to drop as much out of the reader's memory as out of the heroine's, returns to die of liver fully as much as of love, while Barbara marries the other young man and is left with every prospect of happiness. The real interest of the story, which is a decidedly good one, and remarkably well-written, centres round Barbara's father, the Provost of Bennetskirke; his unlucky speculations, his frauds to cover them, and his adventurous concealment among a gang of Highland brewers of "ginger wine"—*vu'gò*, illicit usquebaugh. Some excellent sketches of old-world Scotch character, fresh though familiar, fill up a story which is certainly excellent and spirited though it is not that of the real Barbara Allan.

Mr. G. Washington Moon is chiefly known to fame as a self-appointed guardian of English grammar. In his story, however, entitled "With All My Worldly Goods I Thee Endow" (Routledge and Sons) he stretches his controversial wings to their widest reach, and contrives, in a single short volume of fiction, to demolish—entirely to his own satisfaction—the Doctrine of the Trinity; to overthrow the Church of Rome; to explain the philosophy of dreams; to narrate the inevitable adventure with the Arabs of the Soudan (whom we are surprised to find such a purist calling "Dervishes," like a slap-dash writer in any common newspaper); to hurl anathema at the heads of those who are dishonourable enough to read books without buying; and—chiefly, though not finally—to prove that either a husband is bound to give half his property to a wife from whom he separates, or else that every marriage contracted according to the Established Church is invalid, and its issue illegitimate. Yet in spite of all this, and more, Silas Wegg himself, in the way of dropping into poetry, was nowhere with Mr. Washington Moon. When we say that fully 6 per cent. of the volume consists of original songs and hymns, the like amount of legal argument, and even more of pure digressions, including extracts from Ruskin, and a commentary on the 107th Psalm, we still feel that we have done injustice to this remarkable production, which also finds room for three separate love stories, an earl's lost child, anecdotes of animals, and a forcible and unnecessary entry into a convent, where an African traveller knocks down six priests like nine-pins to rescue a young woman who might have walked out quite quietly—and all these things in fewer than 300 meagre pages. One is reminded at every page of Johnson's exclamation on a well-known occasion—"Wonderful? Would that it had been impossible!"

In "Brownie's Plot" (2 vols.: Ward and Downey), Thomas Cobb tells, pleasantly enough, how an offence was brought home, by the ingenious application of mesmerism, to the person who of all others was the least apparently likely to commit it. The circumstances are by no means probable, especially the greenness of the criminal in allowing himself to be entrapped in so exceedingly obvious a manner by such a transparent plotter as Brownie—her very open attempts to bribe him to place himself in a position in which he already knew he could not trust himself would have shown him, conscious of secret guilt as he was, that there was something in the wind. Hardly less unlikely is the series of misunderstandings among all the *dramatis persone* which constitute a veritable much ado about nothing. At the same time, as we have said, the story is bright and entertaining, and is likely to be deservedly popular among readers who are not hard to please.

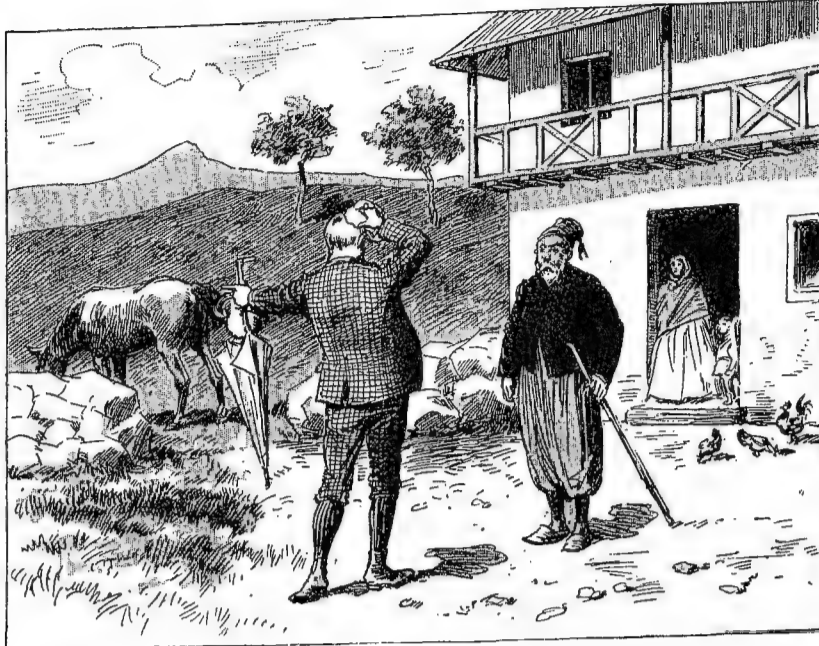
Divorce is the staple of "An Unruly Spirit," by Mrs. Aylmer Gowing (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). Why lady-novelists, as a class, are so fond of that particular subject, we will not endeavour to surmise; let us hope that they consider their own taste in preference to that of their readers, and assume that, for once, supply takes precedence of demand. One of the characters, a particularly odious creation, Mrs. Calverley, achieves two divorces in the same novel; and it is pretty obvious that had not Mrs. Aylmer Gowing killed her off she would have experienced at least a third. Even in cases where no divorce actually happens, one is perpetually kept in expectation of it: the heroine herself appears to be saved from one only by her premature death. Vulgarity of tone being inseparable from this sort of business, it is inevitable that when Mrs. Gowing wishes deliberately to describe vulgarity, as in the person of Lady Carranmore, she should over-colour the portrait, and make it absurdly improbable. Of course there may be novel readers of such eccentric disposition as, not having enough of Ireland in the newspapers, to turn to fiction for more; but they will find little novelty in the portion of "An Unruly Spirit" which deals with the agrarian affairs of the Sister Island. The personage who would rather be "a coward for five minutes than dead for the rest of his life" may very well stand for a representative of what the authoress thinks will be fresh to her readers. At the same time, what is stale in her novel is far and away better than what is new.

The bidding for sensational popularity is unpleasantly evident in Frank Danby's "The Copper Crash: Founded on Fact" (Trischler and Co.). Hypnotism, in which the will of an innocent girl is subjected to a villain's in order that he may irretrievably compromise her, is, of course, just the subject which a certain type of authoress—it would be absurd affectation not to perceive "Frank Danby's"—considers "strong." No man could possibly, even if he were to choose such a subject for the contemplation of a public containing a considerable number of young women, be capable of dealing with it in such ultra-feminine fashion. The characters, or rather puppets, are—most of them at least—of a piece with the plot: and that is the best that can be said of them. In short, the exaggeration of Dr. Charcot's experiments are much too repulsive in fact to justify their importation into fiction, whose whole aim is not even yet supposed to consist in startling feeble minds with morbid ideas.

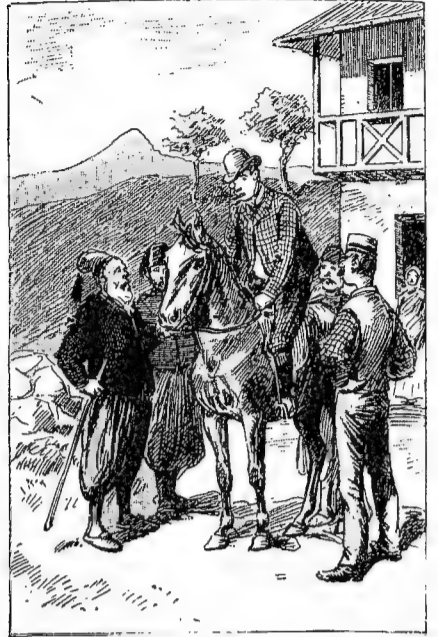
EDUCATION IN COREA is carried on under the personal control of the King. In Seoul there is a native University with American masters, where the young nobles are educated at Government expense to fit them for official positions. Every year the students come before His Majesty to undergo a most rigid examination, the King marking down each slight mistake, or even error in pronunciation. He then places them in one of four grades—perfect, second, third, and failure. When His Majesty has decided, a second, third, and failure. When His Majesty has decided, the courtier places on a salver a block of wood inscribed with the special grade, and elevates it before the King, calling out the result. The most successful pupils receive prizes in the shape of "rank"—i.e., a Government post.



One morning, while staying in Athens, I started for a walk to Mount Polonos (which as everyone knows is about ten miles distant from the classic city)



But after an hour's tramp I felt tired, and passing a farm, where I saw a horse grazing, I entered into negotiations (by means of my school Greek and signs) for the hire of the animal for the remainder of the journey to the Mount



Which were satisfactorily concluded, and a saddle, &c., having been found, I mounted the quadruped in the presence of a group of admiring natives



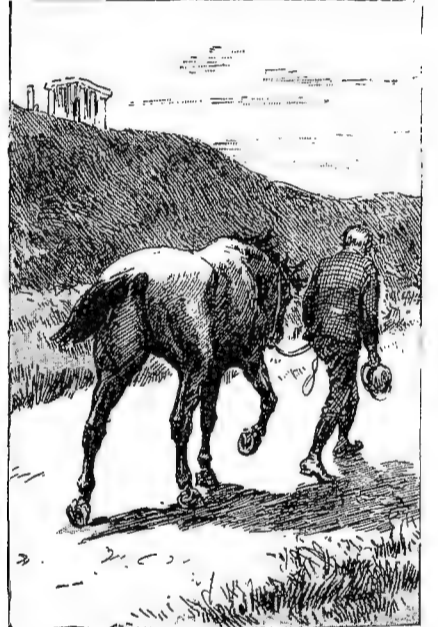
And for a few miles trotted merrily along the high road, turning neither to right nor left



At an evil moment, however, I urged my steed to take a small brook, and I came to grief



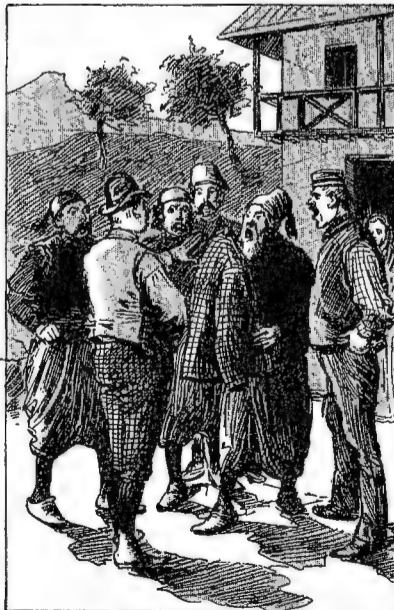
Lying on the opposite bank in a very dazed condition, I am succoured by some kind wayfarers.



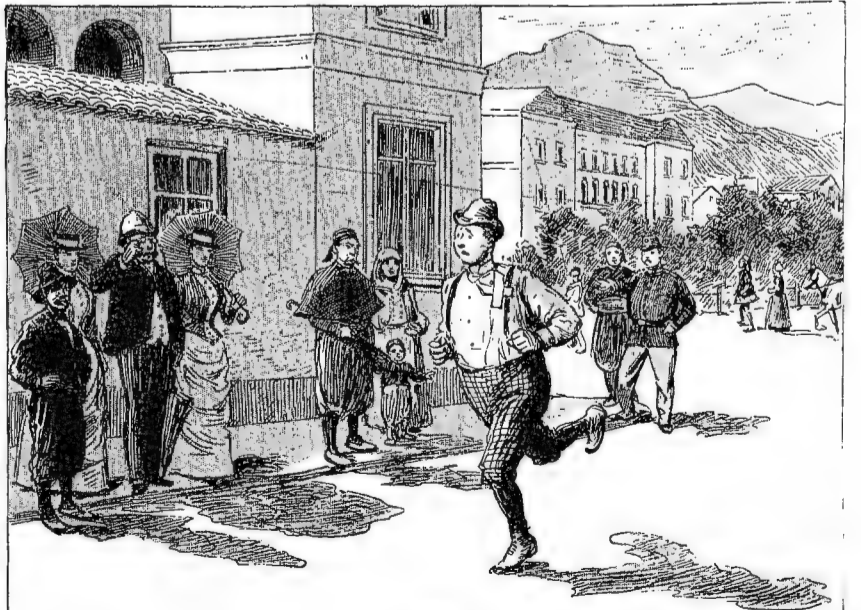
But my zest for the excursion has gone, and I turn and sadly retrace my way, leading my steed, whose saddle I now discover, for the first time, is missing!



For the loss of it compensation is sternly demanded by the owner on my return, when to my concern I find my pockets have been completely emptied (by the kind wayfarers I begin to suspect)



To be brief, in order to satisfy the claim, and avoid violence being done me, I am positively compelled to part with a portion of my habiliments!!! The case admitted of no delay



And in this sorry plight, I re-enter Athens, and make the best of my way to my hotel, encountering on the way thither, of course, all my most valued acquaintances, and exciting mirth and interest on all sides



"FOR THE PATIENTS"
FLOWER-GIRLS OUTSIDE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL ON A VISITING DAY



THE events which led up to the Franco-German War of 1870 are again re-told by Madame Carrette (*née* Bouvet) in "The Eve of an Empire's Fall" (Dean and Son). The author's position about the person of the Empress has enabled her to supply some fresh details of interest to facts previously known, though for the same reason she perhaps exaggerates the importance of trivialities. For instance, she tells us how, in 1868, the Countess de Pourtales made some family visits to Berlin, and was present at a dinner given in her honour by Count Schleinitz, the King's House-steward. This nobleman, very assiduous in his attentions to the fair Countess, reproached her on the score of her preference for Paris, and expressed his regret that she did not choose Berlin as a residence. "I am Alsatian," answered she, "and that will tell you how much I love France." "Very well; since you will not belong to us," said Count Schleinitz, "we must go and take the beautiful Alsace. Before eighteen months are over it will be a Prussian province; and then, with it, we shall possess you." When Madame Pourtales mentioned these remarks to the Emperor at Compiègne, he said, "Through what thick clouds, then, have those beautiful blue eyes of yours regarded the future! Through very thick clouds, I fear; but it requires two to make a war, and we do not desire it." More interesting is it to learn that Madame Carrette enticed Bismarck into his last waltz during a *cotillon* at the Tuileries in 1867. He danced long, much to the amusement of the Sovereigns and others present, as they scarcely expected to see M. de Bismarck mixing with a crowd of youthful dancers. "In escorting me back to my place," writes the author, "he took an artificial rosebud from the lapel of his coat, and, offering it to me, said, 'Be pleased, madame, to preserve this as a *souvenir* of the last waltz I shall ever dance, and which I shall never forget.'" This and much more of the same kind does Madame Carrette tell us; and, as a contribution to the lighter literary gossip about an eventful period in European history, her book is valuable.

Mr. Charles Edwardes, author of "Letters from Crete" and "Rides and Studies in the Canary Islands," gives us a very interesting well-told narrative of travel-experiences in "Sardinia and the Sardinians" (Richard Bentley). Though the great Italian island, which has given a royal title to the House of Savoy, is tolerably near us, and very familiar by name, it appears to have been to most people in large measure a *terra incognita*. To the average Italian it is a country of barbarians. "A man as pestiferous as his country," observed Cicero, when pleading in opposition to a Sarde, and this uncomplimentary estimate would seem to have lasted down to our own day, at least in the native land of the orator. The coasts of Sardinia reminded Mr. Edwardes very much of Kerry. As for the inhabitants, we gather that the habiliments of the fair sex on festival days are marvellous, and that the men of the mountains especially take high rank among mortals who are bibulous. "A rich farmer lady of Sardinia," writes the author, "is indeed a sight to see and discreetly to laugh at. Her fortune is veritably all upon her person. And the jungle of her precious metals, as she struts cumbrously under a large green sunshade, ever and again gazing with disquietude to see if this or that ornament has got detached, is enough to turn a Jew crazy with avaricious desire." The hill-men insisted on their traveller-guest drinking heavily with them, and on one occasion, after a hard evening's entertainment, Mr. Edwardes observes, "My bed was set on the naked earth in the wine-cellar, and between two big barrels. A tumbler was placed by the bedside, and I was told that I had but to turn a tap if I felt curious about the contents of any one of the barrels. But this Elysium for a drunkard had no very strong temptation for me." As to Sardinia's future, the author is hopeful. Feudalism was wholly abolished in 1856, and the island keeps pace in development with Italy. A system of national roads of the most praiseworthy kind has done more to enlighten and benefit the land than all the edicts issued from Spain and Piedmont during five centuries. With a railway in existence and spreading education Sardinia may go far.

The importance of the trade with Siam and the Shan States has long been recognised. Lord W. Bentinck in 1829, and Lord Auckland in 1837, both prospected the Overland Route to China. But, though we had annexed a large part of the Burmese coast, these districts (piteously complains Mr. Holt Hallett) "might as well have remained these sixty years in native hands for all the good their acquisition has done in pushing our trade." The coming of the French has altered all this. Siam, *enclavé* between Tonquin and Saigon, has suddenly become interesting. It borrows money, and sends legations, and has *chefs d'affaires* in European capitals. French engineers are at work. Mr. Hallett travels "A Thousand Miles on an Elephant" (Blackwood), and from that unsteady point of vantage takes observations with the prismatic compass. He interviews the King, and tries to persuade him that he had much better let the English make the railways, he guaranteeing seven per cent., than borrow money and make them for himself, all our Chambers of Commerce (as recorded in the appendix) chorusing Mr. Hallett's suggestions, and "recognising his and Mr. Colquhoun's valuable services." "The race is with the swift" (p. 433). We have stolen a march by seizing Upper Burma. Had Paul Bert lived, the French might have done ditto in Siam, where the cruelty and corruption of the Government are far worse than what made us so virtuously determine to abolish Theebaw. Then possibly we might have had the grand days of Dupleix and Clive over again. Now there will be no fighting between whites. Our wars will be as inglorious as Eastern wars ever were. Siam has only paper fortifications and "a tinpot navy." Both sides will send missionaries (Mr. Hallett dedicates his book to "the American missionaries," one of whom, Dr. Cushing, travelled with him), and will follow them up with surveyors and traders; and, as the country is too unhealthy for colonisation, both will cultivate instead of exterminating the native, and will regret the good old days when it was all thickly peopled, before Burma and Siam took to exterminating one another with Polynesian thoroughness, so that in one campaign the victor could count 240,000 heads! This wholesale slaughtering accounts for the vast forests, the splendid ruins, the strangely fragmentary character of the very mixed population. Mr. Hallett's book is thorough, and minutely exhaustive. Amid survey-sections and trade-notice he finds space for legends, ethnology, and scenery-notes. Above all, despite Sir Colborne Baber's work, much of what he so carefully describes is new ground. He does not like the Siamese: their women are frightful and "cheeky," the Shans are born ladies. Most of the tribes, though veneered with Buddhism, are spirit-worshippers; easy, therefore, to convert, and therefore likely to become good customers. Let us hope the French and English will keep out others. The fewer Germans the better, if they are like the German merchant (p. 318) who, finding a bronze Buddha too big to carry off, took his boatmen at night and broke off the head and jewelled hands.

A very complete picture of English existence as it was just seven centuries ago is presented us in "Court Life Under the Plantagenets" (Swan Sonnenschein), by Mr. Hubert Hall, F.S.A., of the Public Record Office. He has chosen a Hertfordshire gentleman of the days of Henry II. as the hero of the story, in which he embodies

the result of his researches. Mr. Hall has attempted in this book nothing less than the delineation of living characters, and the nothing less than the delineation of existing institutions at a given period of a typical description of existing institutions at a given period of a typical reign. Every personage acted and spoke almost precisely as represented in this narrative, and every event took place in the exact manner described here, as far as a conscientious process, unsparing of research, enabled him to discover the historical truth. Indeed, he informs us that it would be scarcely too much to say that two-thirds of this book might be re-translated into the original Latin or Norman-French of the contemporary historian, or elsewhere that chapter and verse could be supplied for every statement or allusion from still more authentic records. This volume is a valuable help to the understanding of the history of England in the hundred years which preceded the signing of the Great Charter.

Although we are becoming tolerably familiar with the Khédive's land, we can welcome a book on the subject from so accomplished a writer as Canon Bell, who now gives us "A Winter on the Nile, in Egypt, and in Nubia" (Hodder and Stoughton), of which a second edition is already published. Canon Bell wintered in Egypt for his health's sake. He saw everything of striking interest in the country, and his historical and classical information enables him to clothe his experiences with freshness and life for the reader. That he is also a poet and a man of imagination was also another qualification. We are brought, therefore, once more pleasantly into contact with the wonders of Egypt's old civilisation, of its literature, contained in religious books and scientific treatises, and the marvels of its pyramids, its temples, and its tombs. At the end of the volume is printed a series of careful meteorological observations on the changes of temperature on the Nile during the winter of 1888-89, which was a fairly typical one. Altogether the work is of substantial merit, its attractions being further enhanced by the original poems interspersing its pages.

Useful hints for persons intending the pursuit of game on the Eastern Asian shore will be found in "Sporting Notes in the Far East," with Illustrations and Notes (Griffith and Farran), by Lieut. C. Cradock, Royal Navy. He says frankly in his preface, "I am no hand as an author." He has penned his little book for the use of kindred sportsmen in the Service, as a "Guide" to portions of the coast-shooting on the China Station. He follows his own experiences, adding matter at times kindly supplied him by brother officers. His advice is of a thoroughly practical and all-round character, as the following extract will show:—"When out shooting with a party; and for some reason (perhaps the whisky the night before was above proof) you are shooting badly—do not make excuses and swear at every shot missed, with the idea that everybody is criticising your shooting; as in reality by keeping quiet, no one, except perhaps your next-door neighbour, is taking the slightest notice of you. Therefore there is nothing to be gained by gesticulations, &c., which no one really believes; and they are only the means of drawing attention, which will certainly not assist to regain the lost confidence."

Mr. Joseph Hatton has gathered together a series of gossiping papers into a volume, "Old Lamps and New" (Hutchinson and Co.). One of the most entertaining chapters is that devoted to a biography of Mr. Labouchere. We have also a description of the interior of Litchfield House, Miss Braddon's home. "A pleasant matron-like woman," writes Mr. Hatton, "Miss Braddon (Mrs. John Maxwell) is above the medium height; fair, with a complexion that suggests more of horse exercise and the open air generally than pen and ink, and hard work in a library. She has a broad, firm, and compact forehead. Her eyes are small, and look a trifle tired; her mouth large and characteristic; firm lips, a strong chin. The expression of her face suggests an amiable temperament and a kindly nature."

The same author writes "Club Land, London and Provincial" (J. S. Virtue and Co.). The articles originally appeared in the *Art Journal*, and, as the letter-press is accompanied by numerous handsome illustrations, the work should, in this form, not want a considerable public.

Pleasant and realistic pictures of the life of wild birds and animals in Kent and Surrey are afforded us in "Woodland, Moor, and Stream" (Smith, Elder, and Co.). These sketches of natural history are from the hand of a skilled workman, who has made the study of wild creatures in their native haunts the passion of his life and the exclusive occupation of his leisure hours. His work has led him amongst the most beautiful parts of Surrey and along the line of Kentish coast where Turner loved to paint. As his observations are fresh from nature, as he loves his theme and tells of "what he has seen and known," there are doubtless many for whom his little volume will possess much fascination.

A sad interest attaches to the issue of the seventh volume of the "Henry Irving Shakespeare" (Blackie and Son), as Mr. Irving's coadjutor in the work, Mr. Frank Marshall, died almost immediately after its publication. There is pathos therefore in the opening statement of the signed prefatory note:—"I regret to say that continued ill-health has not only caused unavoidable delay in the issue of this volume, but has enforced a further postponement of the play of *Hamlet* to Vol. VIII." The illustrations are what we like best about this edition. The quarto form and the parallel columns will scarcely commend themselves to the reader who means business, and wishes to enjoy his Shakespeare.

A book to be commended to the attention of all concerned in our industrial progress is Mr. George Shaw's "Revived Guild Action" (Simpkin and Marshall), which is prefaced by a history of the movement for the registration of plumbers. Certainly all our workmen might do worse than ponder the motive mentioned in Edward III.'s "Ordinances of the Plumbers":—"That the said trade may not be scandalised, or the commonalty damaged and deceived, by folks who do not know their trade." It is a curious fact that at the close of the nineteenth century we should be harking back to a mediæval trading institution, seeking in it the solution of some of our social enigmas.

Mr. Bayard Tuckerman has written in two volumes the "Life of General Lafayette" (New York: Dodd, Mead, and Co.). He has had abundant materials to draw upon for his work. The six volumes of correspondence and papers published by Lafayette's family give a full account of his thoughts, political views, relations with public men and private affairs from his own point of view. There are besides a host of works all bearing on the subject. Mr. Tuckerman, in his examination of Lafayette's career and character, has attempted to arrive at impartial conclusions—to point out the mistakes as well as the successes of his career, the failings as well as the good qualities of the man. In his opinion, Lafayette has suffered as much from the exaggerated praises of his admirers as from the bitter attacks of his enemies.

The new volume (XXI., published at 182, Strand) of "The Vanity Fair Album" has reached us rather later than usual, being generally a welcome New Year's guest. There is no falling-off in the quality of the portraits; on the other hand, they have distinctly improved, because they are not quite such outrageous caricatures as some of them used to be, though the complexions of most of the involuntary sitters (or standers) are decidedly peculiar. Among the persons depicted, the general public, as distinguished from people in "smart society," will chiefly be interested in the likenesses of President Carnot, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Grimthorpe, Mr. P. T. Barnum, Fred Barrett (the jockey), M. Blowitz (of the *Times*), Sir John Commerell, Mr. Corlett (the *Pink 'Un*), Mr. Chauncey Depew, M. Eiffel, Colonel Gouraud (of Edison-phonograph fame), Mr. Augustus Harris, the past and present Lord Mayors, and Colonel North (the "Nitrate King"). Portraits are also given of the late

M. Pellegrini (the famous "Ape" of *Vanity Fair*), of Mr. Leslie Ward, his admirable successor; and of Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, many years conductor of *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Bowles has now, we are informed, wrapped the mantle of "Jehu Junior" round the shoulders of another writer, who imitates, scarcely with complete success, the peculiarly cool, incisive style of the originator of these descriptive paragraphs.

What wonders might not be told of modern electricity! And they are put before the reader in a most interesting as well as truly scientific form, by Mr. Tunzelmann, in "Electricity in Modern Life" (Walter Scott). This book adds another to "The Contemporary Science" Series—a series which bids fair, if it goes on as it has begun, to make popular all that is best known of modern scientific research. The numerous diagrams greatly add to the usefulness of the work. For instance, we doubt if any one can read Mr. Tunzelmann's chapter on the Telephone without having a clearer idea of the practical working among us of that most marvellous adaptation of electricity to daily life.

We have also received Mr. J. Donovan's "Music and Action; or, The Elective Affinity between Rhythm and Pitch" (Kegan Paul), a psychological essay on a new principle of explanation for the genesis and development of music; "A Manual of Nursing, Medical and Surgical" (C. Griffin and Co.), by Dr. Laurence Humphry; the Hon. E. Noel's "The Science of Metrology" (Edward Stanford); and "How James Chalmers Saved the Penny Postage Scheme" (Effingham Wilson and Co.), by Patrick Chalmers, F.R.H.S.

THE KINGFISHER IN WINTER

WITH the exception of a few ardent anglers and the occasional appearance of a barge, our river is now deserted. The lock-keeper is enjoying a hard-earned rest from his monotonous summer labour, and is amusing himself in the manufacture of pretty rustic seats and beehives, in order to add an additional charm to his garden, or in obedience to demands from more or less wealthy customers. The inn is as empty as the sternest teetotaller could wish; the landlord awaiting contentedly the next summer's harvest. The villagers, who have been cut out by the "boating gents" for many months, occasionally retire to the White Horse, euphemistically styled "the foot of the bridge," to discuss the prices of pigs and bullocks, but otherwise the sale of intoxicants is decidedly limited. The riverside, however, still has attractions for all those who are not mere pleasure-seekers. In scientific language, if the *flora* no longer adorn the banks and eyots, the *fauna* may be studied with perhaps greater advantage than in the "season," when the water is gay with launch and boat and birch-bark canoes. The bye-laws which our River Conservancy has passed within the last few years have been strictly enforced, and many birds, once rare, are now quite common. It is no longer possible for "three men in a boat," not forgetting the dog, to make a nuisance of the blessed air with guns, and pursue a policy of extermination. The days of reckless shooting here are over, and the interesting furred and feathered creatures are able to solve the problem of the survival of the fittest amongst themselves without the ever-ready help of man. In consequence, the lover of Nature is delighted to find the mute creation increase in numbers and show less alarm at his presence. The kingfisher, in particular, is to be seen everywhere, and, in winter, so far forgets its usual shyness that it may be observed as closely and as curiously as that pugnacious friend of humanity the robin.

Opposite the wicket-gate, near to the "ivied wall where the church-bell rings," between the main stream and the picturesque old moat—now unpoetically and without historical justification called "the canal"—is a group of tall dead nettles. On one of these the kingfisher may often be seen, with downcast eye intent upon the minnows which abound where the moat slowly pours its brackish water into the river. With a little good fortune the ordinary stroller by the river's brim may see it drop like a stone—like a lump of lead, as poor Jack Point* would say—and pull the incautious minnow from the brook. It will then fly to a neighbouring rail and quickly swallow its prey, should it be of small dimensions. It rather large and plump, two or three dexterous taps on the wooden rail are given before the minnow disappears. While fishing from behind a withy for the wary "chub or chavender," anglers have occasionally been surprised to see a kingfisher alight on a top joint with the intention of using it as a look-out and diving-board.

It is almost superfluous to mention that for brightness and beauty of plumage the kingfisher has no equal among British birds. The colour is indeed gorgeous. The dark-green head and upper part of the back, the light violet and blue of the lower part, and the beautiful orange-brown breast cannot be adequately described in words. The bird when disturbed will dart swifter than arrow from the Tartar bow along the water, even if the stream is narrow and winding, as if from a feeling of greater security. Should the sun be shining—and we have had many a bright day this winter—this is the time for a quick eye to see the beauty of the plumage. The poet Shenstone was, no doubt, familiar with the habits of this interesting frequenter of our rivers, for he sings, in rather conventional language:—

Hither the peaceful halcyon flies
From social meads and open skies,
Pleased by this rill, her course to steer,
And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The poetical name of "halcyon" will remind many persons of this bird's name and place in mythology. The ancients believed that the halcyon constructed a nest of the bones of fish, which floated on the water, and that so long as the female sat on the eggs the sea was always smooth, and mariners could follow their usual perilous occupation in safety. The period of incubation lasted for seven days before the winter solstice and for seven days after. Shakespeare refers to this belief in *Henry VI.*, Part I., where he says:—

Expect St. Martin's summer, halcyon days.

Sir Thomas Browne in his "Vulgar Errors" mentions the curious fact that this bird was regarded by many persons as a natural weathercock. It was suspended by the beak from a tree, and its breast was supposed to point to that part of the horizon whence the wind blew. This is still believed and acted upon in many country districts. Shakespeare in *King Lear*, and Marlowe in *The Jew of Malta*, both make reference to this superstition. In the former play Kent says:—

And turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of the masters.

The kingfisher is the subject of many other legends and superstitions, both classical and mediæval. One of the most curious is to the effect that it was originally a plain grey bird, and during the Flood, Noah sent it out of the Ark, because it was accustomed to the waters. It flew so high that its breast was scorched by the sun's heat, and its back assumed the hue of the sky. It tried in vain to find the Ark on its return to the earth, and still continues to haunt the water in its search. In some countries it is regarded as the messenger of good luck, and of imparting to the lady who wears its feathers additional grace and loveliness. The latter belief is, unfortunately, far too general. In Brittany it is believed that the kingfisher's head shines by night, like the glow-worm, and that, sad to relate, it is much given to swearing.

*Yeomen of the Guard.

W. W.



FAMILIAR proverb says "As the days lengthen the cold ensues," an indisputable fact. March is the most treacherous of the year. True the sun shines brightly, but the north-
 west lulls at every corner, and so it is yet too soon to think of outdoor wraps. Under the ample cloth or velvet
 cloak and mantles are often concealed dainty toilettes,
 displayed to view at that social and cosy institution—
 the tea.

ere recently at a crowded fashionable gathering where the
 formed quite a moving panorama of the newest Spring
 With but few exceptions, the outdoor wraps had been
 the ante-room, and the handsome toilettes were paraded most
 ly for our critical observation.

ere particularly struck with the number of black hats worn
 and cashmere costumes of the lightest hue. Two sisters
 costumes of heliotrope fine cloth, with bodices arranged in
 y folds of cloth and crape; the sleeves were made with
 radiated puffs, the largest set high on the shoulder, the
 reaching to the elbow, below which the sleeve fitted close
 and reached down to the wrist; the skirt was made with-
 per; above the hem was a deep embroidery in white silk;
 was of black seal plush, with the brim very much pointed
 and turned up at the back; on the crown were folds of
 and bouquets of Parma violets and leaves made of velvet
 n. This style of hat is sometimes lined with a bright
 for example, a black velvet hat was lined with old rose-
 on the crown was a wide band of sparkling jet made in
 a large jet butterfly was on the left side, so arranged that it
 d with every movement. This hat was worn with a costume
 good brown velvet, with a pink silk folded vest.

a sensation was made by the appearance of a Parisian bride
 ose-clinging dress of lizard-green soft silk. The bodice was
 and gathered, the high-puffed sleeves were slashed with a
 le shade of green velvet, the high Medici collar was of the
 lk lined with the velvet, reversing the order of the usual
 ment; the hat was a mixture of velvet, silk, and jet, very
 nd bent into divers angles. The result of this toilette was
 sfactory, as it produced the effect of topsy-turviness, the skirt
 z so ungracefully round the feet. One of the prettiest and
 hats from Paris had a broad brim; in front it was slightly
 and pinched up at the sides; the shape was covered with a
 ide of terra-cotta silk, lined with velvet; a soft silk frayed
 was carried round the brim and formed into two large
 in front; a bunch of small feathers curled over the crown,
 r with a few ribbon-bows falling gracefully, made the low
 ok high. With this hat was worn a dress of terra-cotta
 ith a box-pleated skirt, bodice open to show a folded waist-
 pink corded silk, a collar with stole ends of lynx fur com-
 this elegant costume. The style of hat above-mentioned
 very popular this spring, as it is generally becoming and
 without being too large or too small. For weddings and
 stive occasions it looks well in cream colour, silver grey, or
 icate colour. A very pretty group of hats for bridesmaids,
 t a recent wedding, were of ivory-white velvet, with five
 tions on the up-turned brim on the right side, and turned
 on the left side; the brim was lined with pale pink satin,
 of the velvet and satin on the crown, a wreath of pink rose-buds
 age on the left side only, finishing with a bouquet in front.
 costumes were of ivory-velvet and pink satin; plain, close-
 skirts, and bodices of velvet, with a thick ruching of satin
 the hem; cream-satin waistcoats, embroidered in pink rose-
 nd foliage; pointed pelerines, and muffs of cream feather-
 y elegant costume was of Azul cloth—a new material, which
 es warmth with lightness, made from the wool of the Cash-
 goat. It was of a pale-steel colour, embroidered in a con-
 al design of lilies in white silk, with green foliage; small
 to match, edged with fur of the same shade as the material.
 nnet was quite a *chef d'œuvre*. It was of steel-coloured kid,
 lls of velvet, and a high coronet of cut steel. Black velvet
 or gold embroidery, was very popular for bonnets as well

is quite a rage for violets, hats and bonnets are profusely
 d with them; the brims of the former are covered with, and
 ter are entirely composed of them. There were many
 es of rich materials, worn by married matrons—damas,
 and brocades, with raised floral designs in velvet or satin.
 vere, for the most part, made with long trains, and open in
 o show a velvet or satin *tablier*.
 times the entire dress is of plain satin or velvet, the brocade
 nly used for wide panels.

ry handsome dress was of copper-coloured velvet, with satin
tablier of pale yellow satin, open in the front, with a double
 of yellow lace; plain bodice of the striped velvet; tight
 to the wrist, over-sleeves, *à la Juive*, reaching to the hem of
 it, lined with yellow satin, bonnet of copper-coloured velvet,
 d with jet-butterflies and yellow iris.

hustess wore a tea-gown of a clinging woollen material,
 green, very long, plain train skirt, edged all round with a
 ated flounce, which showed at intervals a lining of coral
 lk; the open bodice was tied at the waist with pink ribbons;
 oe silk panels flew back to show the pink silk lining; the
 was gauged at the neck; half-high Medici collar; the sleeves
 lightly puffed at the top; on the right side sleeve were bows
 ribbon, on the left sleeve were three straps of pink silk.
 elier staying in the house wore, the one a tea-gown of tan-
 d Indian cashmere, made Princess shape, opening over a
 at of blue-grey cashmere embroidered in white, corselet band
 colour; high puffed sleeves. The other was of emerald-
 velvet, opening over a petticoat of sea-green soft silk, with a
 in of lace quilling from the throat to the hem; a deep fall of
 h reached to the shoulders had a very quaint effect; round
 ck was a collarette of rare cameos.

ng the novelties in trimmings is lace *passementerie*, which
 very rich effect. A dinner dress was recently made of dull
 y fine cloth, and silk a few shades lighter; the silk skirt was
 d above the hem with black lace *passementerie*, which was
 ed in a conventional design on the front breadth, the bodice
 nnel to match the skirt with a V shape of *passementerie*
 cloth fitted round the centre piece a pointed ornament to
 into which puffed sleeves were gathered.

he-ses for young people are, as a rule, simple, but there is
 ndividuality, if we may use the term, this season than hereto-
 For example, a quaint costume was made with a redingote of
 lest blue Liberty silk opening over a petticoat of pink
line de soie, the front finely gathered to the waist, and from
 arranged in small pleats; at the waist were long loops of
 nd blue ribbon. A pretty mode of making a thin material is
 a silk or satin petticoat, with a band of roses round the hem;
 skirt of *mousseline de soie*, Italian net, or tulle, on the low
 a band of roses, on the sleeves bunches of roses tied with long

ribbons. This style may be carried out in white with any coloured
 roses, in blue with pink roses, pink with crimson roses, green or
 yellow with cream-coloured roses. It is *de rigueur* in Paris that
 the fan shall match the costume, an expense, to avoid which many
 young girls are driven into adopting white, touched up with a colour
 which can be made to correspond with the fan by ribbon-streamers
 or a posy.

Embroidered nets with sprays of flowers are very fashionable.
 We must not omit to mention the silk Norwich crape, which is a
 very pleasing and light fabric.

The reign of steels and dress-improvers is at an end for a time,
 and clinging garments are again to the fore—a decided improve-
 ment if not carried to an extreme.

CONTEMPORARY SCOTTISH ART

THE Annual Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, the
 sixty-fourth in its history, opened on the 15th. In point of merit it
 is perhaps somewhat above the average. The presence of pictures
 by Millais, Orchardson, and Swan must, of course, be left out of the
 count, as they have all been exhibited before. A great deal of
 conscientious and dexterous work in landscape, a great deal that
 charms the eye and takes captive one's scenic sense—many delightful
 transcripts of nature, faithful to the fact, and discovering most of
 the resources of landscape art, are here. Beyond this, it must be
 confessed, there is not very much.

To a stranger visiting an Edinburgh Exhibition for a first time
 one thought only would probably occur, namely, what an admirable
 school of landscape is the Scottish. But if the same visitor came
 back several years in succession another thought would thrust itself
 uppermost—the conviction that the imagination of Scottish artists
 rarely rises above landscape.

Let us take two or three of the best known names in Art north of
 the Border, and rapidly consider their claims. No one's work is
 more admired in Scotland, both by those "who know" and, latterly,
 by the general public, than that of W. MacTaggart. Mr. MacTaggart's
 subjects have been drawn for many years past from the sea and the
 shore, and, in the treatment of such motives as coast-scenery and
 coast-life afford, he stands head and shoulders above all rivals. There
 are certainly not six men in England or Scotland who can paint the
 sea as he does—with so delightful a breadth, such exhilarating fresh-
 ness and freedom, so swift and vigorous a touch. Comparing the
 Northern artist with the veteran J. C. Hook and with Henry Moore,
 it will be found that Mr. Hook is more various than Mr. MacTaggart,
 commands a larger range of subjects, and is distinctly stronger in
 drawing the figure; but that in regard to colour he is only a very
 little superior to Mr. MacTaggart in quality and tone, in limpid
 transparency and iridescence. Mr. Moore has a larger grasp than
 the Scottish artist, and his pictures are more suggestive in their
 mastery treatment of vast expanses of sea, but I take leave to think
 that he is not Mr. MacTaggart's equal in conveying the feeling of
 buoyant breezy motion in sea, and that in colour he is more opaque
 and lifeless.

J. Lawton Wingate is an artist who has up to this, at any rate,
 been most successful with small canvases. Now and then he has
 attempted something on a larger scale, but only to prove himself
 somewhat weak, both in composition and in the drawing of the
 figure. In the presentation of certain aspects of Nature—of delicate
 twilight and sunset effects, of dewy eaves and rose-red dawns—he is
 altogether admirable. These and similar themes he informs with
 a poetic beauty and a mystic tenderness that make his pictures a
 delight to all who have studied Nature under her subtlest and most
 pregnant phases. There is an elusive grace about Mr. Wingate's
 pictures, such as we find at its highest point in Corot. This
 is largely the result of that power of selection which, in painting
 as in literature, is the very touchstone of Art—the faculty, in a
 word, of knowing what to leave out as well as what to put in.

Perhaps no name stands higher at this moment in Scotland than
 that of George Reid. He has been equally successful in portraiture
 and landscape. His portraits are vividly conceived, full of character
 and individuality, and masterly in their executive skill. His land-
 scapes are usually painted with great care, though they do not
 always betray the conscientious labour of which they are the out-
 come. His "Montrose" of last year was a conspicuous example of
 the Art that conceals Art, a splendid piece of intelligent and re-
 sourceful brush-work, possessing almost every quality of a fine land-
 scape. This year, Mr. Reid's work consists entirely of por-
 traiture.

Turning for a moment from landscape to figure painters,
 W. E. Lockhart and Robert Gibb are favourable examples of
 Scottish Art in this direction. The work of both men is pretty well
 known beyond the limits of their own land. To Mr. Lockhart
 was entrusted by Her Majesty the task of painting the historical
 scene in Westminster Abbey which inaugurated the Jubilee Cere-
 monials, and the artist's friends are looking forward with interest to
 the completion of the picture.

Mr. Lockhart is one of the first of Scottish colourists, and has
 caught something of the Venetian glow and glory. His aim is
 higher than that of most of his brethren, and he has generally a story
 to tell of some import and interest, besides the mere desire to
 deliver brilliant passages of harmonious colour.

Mr. Gibb is chiefly known as a battle painter. His "Thin Red
 Line" and his last year's picture "Alma" were earnest efforts to
 realise two great crises in our national history. The task was a
 difficult one, and the artist achieved a very creditable measure of
 success. Mr. Gibb's two other best known pictures are "Com-
 rades" and "Schoolmates," both of which have been popular as
 engravings.

Hugh Cameron is a "genre" artist of signal merit. Few surpass
 him in the treatment of child-life and its incidents. Usually em-
 ploying a small canvas, his work is dainty and delicate in the
 extreme, his colour crisp and sweet, and of great purity, and he
 reads into his transcripts of village and domestic life an idyllic
 grace and naïf beauty. Mr. Cameron is the Scottish Israels.

G. O. Reid, whose work has been steadily refining itself for
 some years past, contributes to this year's exhibition one of its most
 interesting pictures, "Voltaire at the Café de Procope Listening to
 the Criticism of his Play, *Semiramis*." This is by no means a
 faultless performance, but its virtues outweigh its failures. Its
 action is vigorous and dramatic, it contains some effective passages
 of well contrasted colours, and the very ambition of its aim is its
 most refreshing feature.

Among other familiar names in Scottish landscape art are those of
 G. W. Johnstone, John Smart, and W. D. McKay. Mr. Johnstone
 is strong and various in colour, and there is a masculine vigour and
 directness in his work. Mr. Smart is most successful in treating
 Highland scenery, and has considerable mastery over striking and
 picturesque effects of cloud and mist, such as are nowhere studied
 to greater advantage than in Scottish glens and corries. Mr.
 McKay's country on the other hand is the Lowlands. He has
 treated the scenery of the Lothians with sympathy and quiet grace,
 and has reproduced the life and avocations of Scottish farm-folk
 with a realism that is always true to the fact, while keeping well
 clear of vulgarity or commonplace. Each of the above three artists
 sends good examples of his manner to this year's Exhibition.

George Hay and William Hole are artists whose yearly output is
 usually looked forward to with interest by their fellow artists and
 the public. Both are primarily figure painters, though Mr. Hole
 has experimented also in landscape. He is a somewhat uneven

artist, sometimes achieving a success that surprises even his
 admirers; sometimes marking a failure that is equally surprising.
 Of late years he has been known as an admirable etcher and
 successful book-illustrator. In Mr. Hay's pictures, almost always
 small canvases, there are good qualities of colour and drawing, and
 the artist is especially successful in the delineation of character and
 humour.

Among the younger men who are doing promising work are A.
 Melville, J. Milne, C. M. Hardie, Austen Brown, R. B. Nisbet, J.
 Lavery, a young West-Country artist, imbued with the spirit of
 French Impressionism, T. Scott, and Henry Kerr, the last two
 remarkably clever water-colourists.

The present condition of Scottish Art, speaking generally, may
 be summed up in a sentence. Scottish Art is strong in landscape,
 weak in figure. In the above rapid summary it has been indicated
 that there are several artists resident north of the Tweed whose
forte is the figure, but they are distinctly the exceptions.

In this sketch I have confined myself to men who live and work
 in Scotland, but even if the "Scottish contingent" in London be
 counted in, the Scottish school is still one of landscape. And to
 this dearth of figure-painters is largely due the unquestionable
 sameness which characterises the annual Exhibitions of the Royal
 Scottish Academy. Why should this continue to be so? There
 was once a tradition of figure-painting in Scotland, and it is but a
 few years ago, comparatively speaking, since Lauder, and Scott, and
 Harvey were following their art in Edinburgh. Yet, at present,
 the tradition is almost lost. Among the younger men there are
 some signs that it may one day be recovered. When it is, when
 figure-pictures bulk more largely in Scottish exhibitions than they
 do at present, it is pretty certain that the public will look forward
 to them with a livelier expectation and interest. R. R.

CRUSTACEAN DAINTRIES: THE LOBSTER

I.

It is long since "lobster salad" became a factor in our social
 system. At marriage breakfasts, ball suppers, and other entertain-
 ments that fascinating *entrée* usually forms a feature in the bills of
 fare of all who can afford the cost, whilst for persons who have to
 play a humbler knife and fork, the crab is not infrequently called
 upon to take the part performed by the lobster in giving pleasure
 (or the opposite) to cultivated palates. Crayfish are now also
 largely requisitioned on behalf of the modern cuisine, and descend-
 ing the social scale cockles, mussels, periwinkles, along with other
 mollusca, will be found contributing very largely to the national
 commissariat, but, above them all, the lobster takes rank as our
 chief crustacean delicacy.

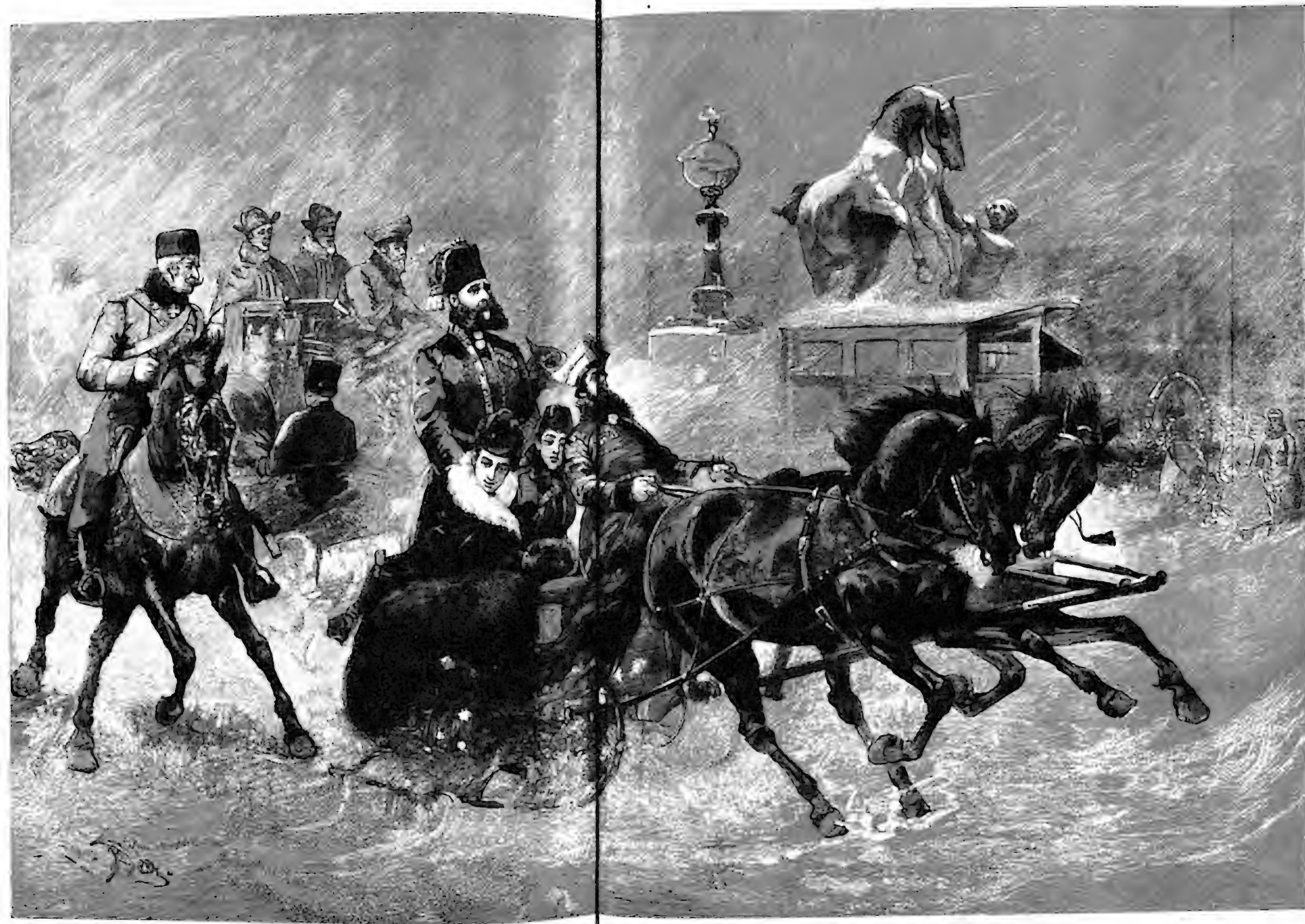
Recent figures, happily, do not bear out the contention that our
 home lobster harvest has been falling off to any alarming extent;
 the catch on the Scotch coasts for the three years for which figures
 are given by the Board of Trade was in 1887 653,600, for 1888
 676,700, and for last year 571,900. In England the number
 of lobsters taken in 1887 was 517,706, and in 1888, 469,551;
 in 1886, for which statistics are also given, the take of these
 shell fish numbered 451,097, whilst in the course of last year,
 the number captured had increased to 719,549. In long past years
 the catch was thought to be exceedingly large; it is only, however,
 within the last three or four seasons that means have been devised
 of ascertaining with some degree of accuracy the extent of our
 crustacean captures, and it is likely enough that, in former times,
 the numbers taken were much exaggerated. A circumstance that
 has led to the supposition of declining supplies has been the great
 rise in the price of these dainties. As all economists know, falling
 supplies and increased cost usually go hand in hand, and within a
 time which the men and women of the present generation can
 remember, lobster salad and lobster sauce could be provided at a
 cost which, in comparison with the price charged to-day, was
 exceedingly moderate.

That the lobster is a most fruitful animal is pretty well known
 both to those who handle it for business purposes and to naturalists.
 The number of ova produced has been frequently counted, not of
 course egg by egg, but by means of counting a hundred or so, and
 then measuring the remainder on the basis thus obtained. A
 "hen," as the female lobster is designated, has been handled con-
 taining over 20,000 eggs, and even more fruitful examples have
 been captured. But such figures as have hitherto been published
 about the fecundity of this crustacean must be accepted with
 reserve. The extent of lobster fruitfulness will, without doubt,
 depend on size, the larger the animal the greater will be its yield
 of ova, just as in the case of the salmon, conger-eel, turbot, and
 other swimming-fish, round or flat. It may happen, however, when
 a "hen" is captured "in berry" that she may have already shed
 several bunches of the "coral," as her eggs are called, although
 they do not, as in the case of the parent, become red till they have
 been boiled, but while being exuded from the ovaries of the
 lobster look not unlike clusters of ripe elderberries. Whatever may
 be the number of eggs yielded by each female, and some naturalists
 have computed it at 60,000, a vast quantity never come to life, but
 fall a prey to battalions of hungry fish, which delight in them as a
 food supply.

The exact period at which lobsters first become able to repeat the
 story of their birth is not well enough known to enable any state-
 ment to be made regarding that important function of their lives,
 but it is desirable it should be made known, as it would greatly
 tend to the multiplication of this favourite shell-fish, were it not
 captured till it had reached maturity, and been afforded opportuni-
 ties of multiplying and replenishing the waters from whence it is
 taken. In connection with the capture of spawning lobsters the
 rather surprising statement was made in a Report to Parliament
 that these animals were in their finest condition for the table while
 engaged in the business of spawning! In the case of the crab, that
 is certainly not so, as these fish, at that period of their lives, are
 valueless for table purposes, being watery and without "meat";
 no crabs are therefore permitted to be sold whilst they are in a
 spawning condition.

In a well-written account of the lobster we are told, "It is a
 common mistake to suppose that a berried hen is always in per-
 fection for the table, but when her berries appear large and brownish
 she will be found exhausted, watery, and poor." In the case of the
 salmon it is well known that when that fish is in a gravid condition
 it is at its worst for food uses, and a herring when filled with its
 eggs or milt is scarcely fit for the table, except in so far as its
 spawning material can be confectioned by the cook into presentable
 and palatable dishes. Large sea fish, it is found, "go off" for a
 time after depositing their spawn; and stating the case roundly, it
 has long been a general belief among those who investigate such
 matters that fish of all kinds, when in a gravid condition, are unfit
 for food, their flesh-forming substances being at that time diverted
 to the formation of their milts and roes.

Although the lobster is to some extent guarded by Act of Parlia-
 ment, a close time for the protection of these animals in their
 breeding season is unfortunately not included in the Act. A
 breeding time for all crustaceans and fish which can be individually
 captured is a factor of fishery economy that ought to be insisted
 on, as in the case of the salmon, which, so far as Acts of Parliament
 can protect them, are free from molestation during their breeding
 periods; and were it not for the evil deeds of the poachers would,
 during the winter season, enjoy a good time on their spawning beds.



THE CZARINA DRIVING THROUGH ST. PETERSBURG

was allowed to live on a little estate he possessed on the banks of the Adigé. There no farmer could have worked harder, or lived more simply, than he did; but, from a financial point of view, the undertaking was not a success. Again and again the Adigé overflowed its bed and destroyed the crops, until the Archduke and his wife were reduced to practising the severest economy—an economy such as she had never dreamed of, even in the days when she was singing at Graz for fifteen shillings a week.

Yet, although forced to wear threadbare clothes, and to think twice before they bought a pair of shoes, they never turned away a beggar from their door unserved. The Archduke's devotion to his wife has increased with their trials; and no wonder, for there never was a more patient, noble, and tender woman than Leopoldine Hofmann has proved herself to be. A little girl—their only child—was born when things were at the worst.

Brighter days were in store. In 1878 the Archduke was allowed to return to Austria. Two years later his wife was granted the title of Baroness Waldeck, and he was permitted to re-enter the army. He established himself at Bozen, where his château has won for itself a pre-eminence of its own by the personal distinction of its owners. The Archduke, during the years of his forced retirement from the army, had thrown himself heart and soul into artistic and literary movements, and he has become thoroughly accomplished in the best meaning of the term. The Baroness is a clever woman, with wide interests and sympathies, and under her husband's tuition she has developed into a charming hostess. She receives the friends the Archduke gathers around him with the graceful dignity of a Princess, combined with the winning courtesy of a fascinating woman.

The Archduke and his wife may now, if they like, appear at Court, for the Emperor has at length—only the other day—removed the ban under which for years they have been living.

E. S.

HISTORICAL NICKNAMES

HISTORY supplies a crushing answer to the question—which surely no one but an enamoured swain would have put—"What's in a name?" For history answers, anything. Men have died in thousands for a name, have suffered privation and torture, have forsaken family and friends, have kept down the tenderest feelings of human nature—for a name. Great causes have been carried on to victory, or wrecked in disaster—through a name. And not only names, but nicknames have influenced the fortunes of individuals and nations, and frequently diverted the course of events in a new and unexpected direction. The origin of some of these is not always to be traced with certainty; but, as a rule, they have been applied by the popular voice either in derision or reverence, or they have sprung out of exceptional circumstances which have specially impressed the minds of men. In our own country we know what, and how great, has been the effect of the *sobriquets* of Whig and Tory. In France, the nicknames of Girondist and Jacobin had a baptism of blood. In the United States it would be difficult to over-estimate the influence of such passwords as Democrat or Republican. I propose, however, in the present paper to confine myself to purely personal nicknames—those which attach to historical characters and well-known worthies, and, therefore, possess an individual interest.

No satisfactory explanation has been given of the name "Capet," borne for centuries by the Sovereigns of France. Pasquin says it was bestowed on the founder of the dynasty, Hugues, because in his boyhood he was addicted to running off with his companions' cloaks. Scarcely less absurd is the hypothesis that the said Hugues invariably wore a *cape*, or *capet*, as part of his dress. It is quite as reasonable to suppose that he had a big head—*caput*. The mediæval chroniclers affirm that Charles, son of Pepin, and grandfather of Charles the Great (Charlemagne), derived his surname of "Martel," the hammer, from the way in which he *hammered* at the Saracens. But Collin de Plancy ignores this historical association, and asserts that he was so called because his patron saint was Martellus. "The hammer," or "hammerer," is common enough, however, as an epithet for a great warrior. Thus, Judas Asmonæus was styled "Maccabeus," and Edward the First "Malleus Scotorum." Thor, the Scandinavian war-god, is represented as ruling in heaven with his hammer or mace, which, in his Berserker fits of rage, "he grasps till his knuckles grow white." Does the reader remember his adventure with the giant Skryniar? Thor having dealt him a tremendous blow in the face, "of force sufficient to rend rocks," the giant slowly lifted his eyelids, and said, drowsily, "Did a leaf fall?" When he had again gotten asleep, Thor delivered a second stroke, and more heavily than before; but the giant murmured, "Pshaw, a grain of dust!" Thor then put both his hands to his hammer, and this time seemed to make a deep dent in Skryniar's adamantine countenance. But it simply checked his snoring, and half asleep, half awake, he droned out, "Sparrows must be roosting in this tree, I fancy; have they dropped a feather?"

The devastating conquests of Attila procured him the terrible designation of "the Scourge of God;" just as, for a similar reason, the Mohamedan conqueror Kaled was called "the Sword of God." Olaus II. was surnamed "the Famished," because during his reign a severe famine prevailed in Denmark. Gustavus Adolphus, the Swedish hero, was known as "the Snow King," because he came from the North, and his enemies predicted that he would melt away before the Imperialist forces like his own snows.

The shameful title of "the Butcher" has frequently been branded on the back of sanguinary princes, as on the Duke of Guise, who perpetrated the bloody massacre of the Huguenots at Varsy, in 1562; on William, Duke of Cumberland, in allusion to his cruelties after Culloden; and on Djizzar Pasha, formerly Mohamedan ruler in Syria. It was also applied to Lord Castlereagh, after the sad episode of "the Peterloo Massacre," in 1819. Dante calls the father of Hugh Capet "il Boccaio de Parizi," the Butcher of Paris.

His love of wine induced the Roman wits to nickname the Emperor Tiberius "Biberius," from *bibere*, to drink. The Cardinal de Guise, for the same reason, was ridiculed as the "Cardinal des Bouteilles," and Louis XVIII. was lampooned as the French "Bellus" and as "Le Roi Panade," or King of Slops.

Vesilius William "the Silent," Prince of Orange, whose stirring story has been told so well by Mr. Motley, we read of the great Prince de Condé, who was slain at Jarnac, as "le Capitaine Muet." Marlborough was called by his soldiers "Corporal John," and Napoleon was dear to his veterans as "le Petit Caporal." A nickname with a story to it is that of "King Bomba"—Ferdinand II. of the Two Sicilies. It perpetuated the hatred with which he was regarded for his wanton bombardment of Messina in 1848. It was also flung at his son, Francis II. ("Bombalina"), for bombarding Palermo in 1860. *Bomba* means the noise produced by puffing out the cheeks, and is equivalent to "a braggart."

"The Devil" is decidedly not a pleasant appendage to one's Christian name, but it was tacked on to Robert, first Duke of Normandy (the hero of Meyerbeer's opera) in everlasting condemnation of his recklessness and savage cruelty. There is a Norman tradition that his wandering spirit will not be allowed to rest until the Day of Judgment. Ezzelino, or Azzolino, lord of Padua, was execrated by his victims as "the son of the Devil." Ariosto, in the "Orlando Furioso," calls him "the child of Hell;" and Dante steeps him in the river of blood which flows in the seventh circle of his "Inferno":—

Some there I marked, as high as to their brow
Immersed, of whom the mighty Centaur thus:
"These are the souls of tyrants, who were given
To blood and rapine. . . . That brow,
Whereon the hair so jetty clustering hangs,
Is Azzolino."

To the Turks George Castriot, the hero of many daring exploits, was known as "the White Devil of Wallachia." "Fra Diavolo" was the insurgent Calabrian chief, Michele Pozza, who died in 1806. Giovanni de Medicis, an Italian commander, not less notorious for his cruelty than renowned for his military capacity, was "Il gran Diavolo."

"Le Bras de Fer," the Iron Arm, was François de Lannec, the great Huguenot leader, who died in 1591. "The Iron Hand" was Goetz von Berlichingen, who having lost his right hand at the siege of Landshut, supplied its place by a hand cast in iron, with which he could wield both spear and sword. In Goethe's drama he is represented as saying, "Let none come near me who is not a right Hungarian ox. One salutation from my iron fist shall cure him of headache, toothache, and every other ache under the wide heaven." This nickname had been borne centuries before by Aurelian, who, before he became Emperor, was extremely severe, rigid in discipline, and prompt to draw his sword. Hence the Roman soldiers, to distinguish him from another tribune of the same name, called him "Aurelianus ad ferrum."

D. A.

EARL SYDNEY

DIED on the 14th inst. at his residence, Froggnall, Foot's Cray, Kent, where he had been lying seriously ill for several days. Sir John Robert Townshend, P.C., G.C.B., M.A., was the only son of the second Viscount Sydney by his second marriage, and was born in 1805. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1824, succeeded his father, in 1831, as third Viscount, and in the following year married Emily Caroline, daughter of Henry William, first Marquis of Anglesey, K.G.

For a period extending over nearly sixty years Lord Sydney was



SIR JOHN ROBERT TOWNSHEND, EARL, VISCOUNT, AND BARON SYDNEY

Born in 1805. Died February 14, 1890

intimately connected with the Court. He was, successively, Groom-in-Waiting to George IV., Lord-in-Waiting to William IV., and Lord-in-Waiting and Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard to Her Majesty the Queen. Then from 1859 to 1866, and again from 1868 to 1874 (in which year he was created Earl Sydney), his Lordship, who was a Liberal in politics, was Lord Chamberlain; while from 1880 to 1885, and again during Mr. Gladstone's brief tenure of power in 1886, he filled the office of Lord High Steward. These appointments naturally brought him much in contact with the Queen, and earned for him Her Majesty's highest regard. Earl Sydney leaves no heir, and the title consequently becomes extinct.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

AN AFTERNOON AT LAUREION

LAUREION, "the silver-gifted," is two hours from Athens by the newly-opened railway, whose trains start promiscuously in the middle of the Odos Athénas, and whose present terminus, a small wooden sentry-box, eluded our notice for some time as we sought to obtain our tickets. Called in modern Greek Laureion or Ergastiri, i.e., "Workshops," the place, as it actually exists, does not possess many attractions. The little town of five or six thousand inhabitants, climbing up from the sea on ledges of rather bleak-looking hills, has been the growth of the last twenty years or so, and consists mainly of rows of miners' cottages and smelting houses, with a few shops and cafés interspersed. It was early in the sixties that, after a quiescence of about twenty centuries, mining activity again broke out here in a modified form, a French company undertaking to extract lead from the dross rejected by their more fastidious and less scientific predecessors. Then arose the long-protracted "Laureion dispute," the details of which must be familiar to everybody therein concerned, and may be safely ignored by everybody else. We will only say briefly that the Greeks repented them of their bargain, because they found that the refuse could be turned to better account than they had anticipated, and that the matter eventually ended in the purchase by the French company of the mines which they worked for the sum of 11,500,000 *drachmai* (francs). This was in 1873, and the mines of the district and the adjacent islands are now worked at a fair profit by two Greek and three French companies. But their thrifty re-smelting of silver-ore can never bring in such rich returns as rewarded Athenian masters of slave-labour in the good old times, when during a war-scare, better founded than are, happily, many of our own day, Themistoklès persuaded his fellow citizens to devote a part of the revenues thence accruing to the formation of their fleet, which soon afterwards proved the preserver of Hellas, and probably of European civilisation.

Reminiscences and associations such as these will, no doubt, throw a certain glamour over a scene not intrinsically striking or attractive; however, they now seemed less feelingly present to us

than the fact that the sightless coursers of the air were blowing gritty clouds of pulverised stone and coal into every eye, or at any rate into our own, as we wandered aimlessly along the broad main street. Nor was there much to be seen between the gusts.

The populace, principally Greeks, with a sprinkling of English, French, and Italian officials, were probably for the most part underground, so that a few brown-visaged boys, playing a ball-game, which looked like a combination of cricket and tennis, while some weather-beaten matrons, presumably their mothers, were thumping clothes in a running stream hard by, appeared to be the only visible inhabitants; and our curiosity respecting them and their pursuits was too easily satisfied, since at Laureion, failing the carriage in which we had intended a drive to Sounion, we were going to spend the afternoon.

We knew that at the expense of a few *lepta* (sous) we could be hauled up the steep little railway to the mines; but the day was so blustering and dusty as to make the prospect of a three or four miles' transit, on open trucks, disagreeable enough to counteract our desire for a sight of the ancient pits and shafts, or even of the niches in the walls once filled by long-extinguished lamps and broken pitchers. Linguistic difficulties, moreover, stood in our way, seeing that, for conversational purposes, we had small ancient and less modern Greek, and could entertain but slender hopes of understanding or being understood by these miners, whose dialect was, no doubt, not the purest Attic. This is, indeed, a point on which the visitor to Greece should guard against disappointment. For the spoken language, with its *uazism* converting most vowel sounds into long E, and its *fognatura* ruthlessly cutting off and slurring over redundant syllables, differs so widely from its printed form, that a mortified student may find himself quite unable to recognise three consecutive words, when he hears them, although he can read his *Ephéméris* or his *Ora* with much ease and satisfaction.

Having resolved, therefore, to shun "the mine-dark underground," our thoughts turned to the exteriors of those metalliferous hills, a ramble amongst which offered the most promising suggestion for utilising the load of leisure so unexpectedly hung upon our hands; a lump of ore—to be appropriately metaphorical—requiring some wisdom in its manipulation. The hills immediately about the town rise to no considerable elevation, nor do they, generally speaking, present any very remarkable features, but their thymy sides are pleasant to walk upon, and though the breeze still blew stiffly, ruffling up the long grasses on their slopes, it brought no dust, and was delightfully soft, yet fresh feeling. The prospect, too, was extensive and interesting. Landward a wild jumble of many-folded ranges, solitary and barren, with here and there a smoke-plume from some "works" scarcely staining perceptibly the spacious "broad and general" air, yet reminding one ruefully of begrimed and blighted districts nearer home. *Absit omen!* Spare us, O Apollon Apotropaïos, a manufacturing Greece.

Seaward we overlooked the deep and roomy harbour of Ergastiri—a crescent-shaped bay, where two or three steamers lay at anchor, waiting probably for cargoes of ore, as much of it voyages to be smelted at Marseilles. There were also several merchant craft with provisions from the Ægean Islands, and some fishing-boats, broad-beamed and low-rigged, with white or ruddy sails. Further towards the east, separated from us by the Channel of Mandri, stretched the island which was anciently called Helena, owing to its connection with the tale of Troy; but which has now become, less distinctively, one of the numerous Makronisi, or Long Islands. It is a bare and uninhabited tract, with a backbone of desolate mountain ridges, visited only by shepherds and sportsmen, and showing no signs of human handiwork, except, along the heights, an occasional "stone man," similar to those found in like situations all the way from Cumberland to Corinth.

Beyond this, again, but in a more northerly direction, loomed the outline of Eubœa—only dimly and faintly, however, as the horizon sweep was narrowed by the drifting in of a pale blue haze. The said haze proved for us a source of some satisfaction, inasmuch as it enabled us to tell ourselves consolatorily that, after all, if we had succeeded in going to Sounion, we should have seen very little of Keos, and Andros, and Tenos, and all the other fine things reported to be discernible from the ruins of Athénæ's Temple.

But a more positive pleasure, and one which constituted, upon the whole, the chief charm of these peregrinations, lay at our feet in a mist of blossoms. Those Laureionian hills are, for the most part, treeless, whether by nature or by reason of that deplorable disafforesting system which has had such baneful effects upon modern Greek landscape and land culture; but they do not lack their full share in the "light of laughing flowers," impartially distributed over the country during spring and early summer.

We cannot attempt to describe their infinite variety, or even "give a clumsy name" to any save the most every-day sorts, so profound is our ignorance of botany. And perhaps fortunately so; for, considering that we do not possess Shakespeare's or Keats's gift for cataloguing flowers, or even John Milton's meaner powers, as exemplified in "Lycidas," and despised by Mr. Ruskin, we might, if endowed with a little learning, have been led into drawing up, and inflicting upon the reader, a very long and irksome list. As it is, avoiding details, we must content ourselves with declaring that to imagine every possible hue and shade, stain and streak, from cerise to saffron and from purple to pearl-grey, dyeing every fashion and form of bell, cup, and star, spray and wreath, cluster, spike, and tuft, film-frail petal-fleck and deep-anthered disc—all these frothed together into a cream-tinted foam, with masses of golden-and-white daisies, and aromatically flavoured with rosemary, thyme, and other sweet-smelling herbs—is to have some faint conception of a Grecian hill-slope in the months of April and May.

Amongst all this multifarious profusion it is curious to note how each different district seems to possess its own predominating bloom. Thus, the Akrocorinthos, for example, was gorgeous in some places with sheets of vivid crimson poppies and scarlet anemones. Pentelikos's mount of marble was veined from base to summit with the sky-blue of a brilliant myosotis. And here, at Laureion, the speciality was a pink or white golden-centred blossom, somewhat resembling a wild rose and a single dahlia, and growing upon a low, smooth-leaved bush. Here, likewise, not long since, during the process of re-working a heap of refuse, was found a little blue-flowered plant, never known previously in the neighbourhood, and supposed to have sprung from seed ripened two thousand years ago—a vegetable Sleeping Beauty, rudely and unromantically roused by the labourer's shovel.

In this way, as we fared "delicately pacing through most pellucid air," like the fortunate descendants of Erechtheus, and "plucking the harmless wild flower on the hill," in a more cheerful humour than the dolorous hero of "Maud," our time, if it could not be said to gallop or trot very hard, ambled along at a respectable rate of progress, until the hour approached for the appearance of our tardily-returning train; whereupon, descending from our heights, we crossed the waste space, strewn with red lumps of ore and black fragments of coal, leading to the station, out of which we presently steamed through the lengthening afternoon sunbeams.

O. B.

THE TWO ELDER SONS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR are going to Hanover to study at the Gymnasium. The little lads are only seven and six years old, but Emperor William wishes them to acquire the best and most polished German. Further, he is anxious to bind the Hanoverians closer to the Imperial dynasty.



DEER-SHOOTING BY DAY—THE STALK



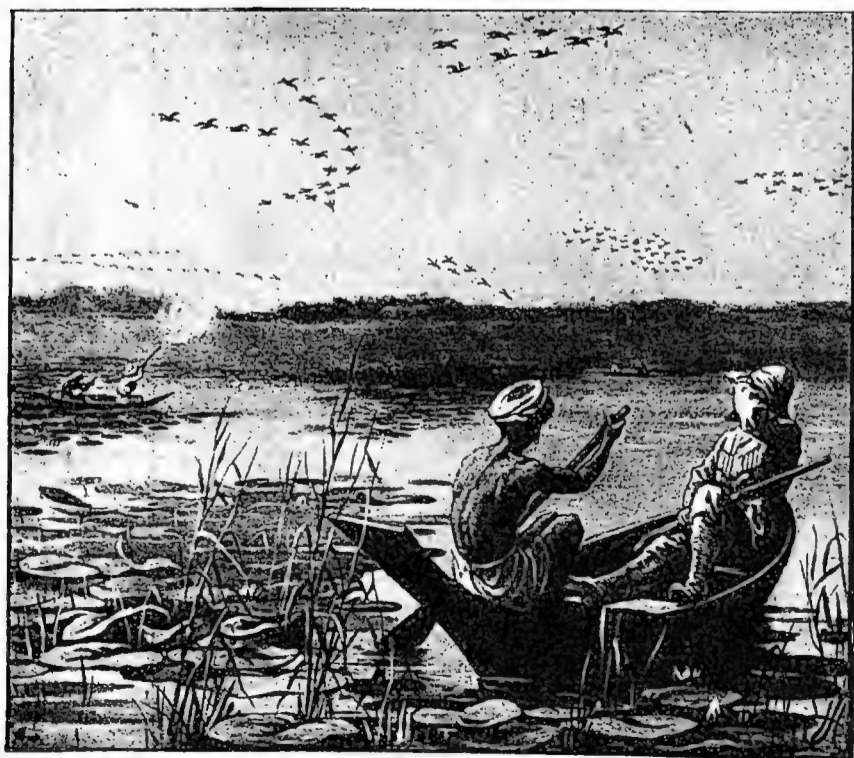
DEER-SHOOTING BY DAY—THE BEAT



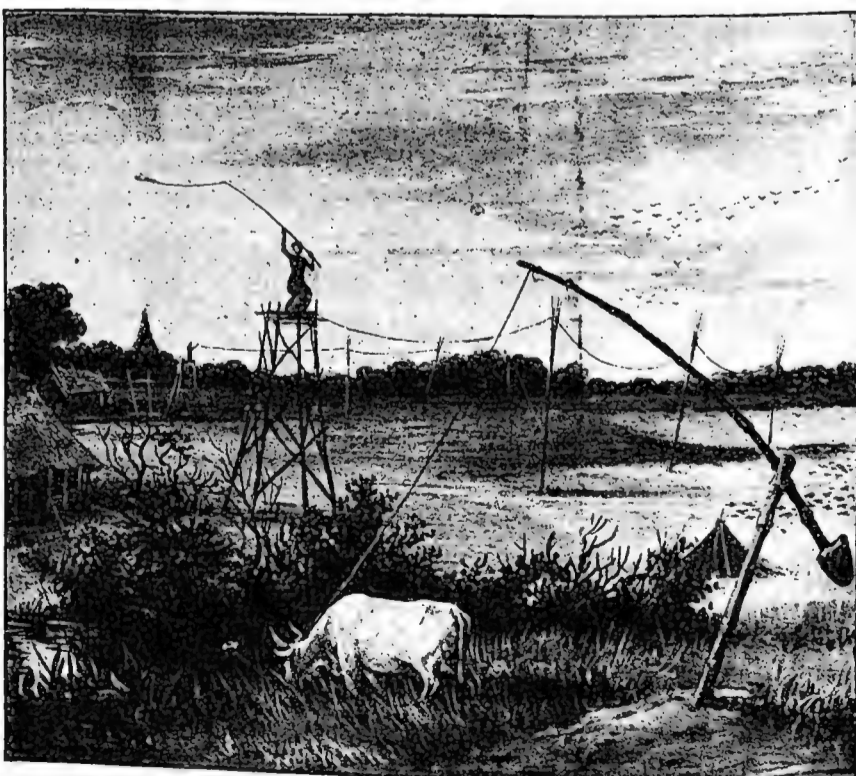
DEER-SHOOTING BY NIGHT—THE INCANTATION



DEER-SHOOTING BY NIGHT—THE RESULT OF THE INCANTATION



JHEEL SHOOTING



HOW THE BURMESE SCARE THE BIRDS, AND TETHER THEIR CATTLE



"A HUMOROUS RECITATION"
FROM THE PICTURE BY KNUT EKWALL



THE elections held in GERMANY this week are watched with more than ordinary interest. They will afford a fair test of the impression which the Emperor's Labour Reform projects have really produced upon the nation, and upon the Socialist party in particular. Notwithstanding the strength of the Opposition, the Government hope to increase their narrow majority in the Reichstag, and thus secure the passing of the Socialist Bill. For, although the Government took its rejection so coolly, they are determined to push the measure through, and it is thought generally that their apparent indifference was due to the prospect of the Imperial Rescripts altering the situation. Emperor William is prompt in following up the programme of these decrees. He opened the Council of State with an energetic speech, reiterating the arguments presented in the Rescripts, but softening down several points since criticised as impracticable. He will attend most of the meetings, which are to be kept secret, and His Majesty has also reinforced the Council by several members especially versed in the difficulties of the Labour Question. To contradict the rumours of disagreements on the subject between the Emperor and Prince Bismarck, it has been pointed out that many of the suggestions were presented by the Prince himself some twenty years earlier. But without giving too much credit to the rumours, there can be little doubt that Prince Bismarck wishes gradually to relinquish the management of Prussian affairs proper in order to devote himself solely to Imperial affairs. Under William I. this plan failed, the Prince being obliged to resume the Prussian Presidency, but better success is expected at present, and Herr von Büttcher is already mentioned as the Prince's successor. Meanwhile, the preparations for the Labour Conference continue, and Germany expects that the Powers will accept her invitation, even if they do not approve her programme. France, however, holds aloof, unwilling for many reasons to follow the Teutonic lead, especially as she has a good reason for declining, in the plea that she has already accepted Switzerland's invitation. Switzerland herself has changed her mind about her own Conference, and now proposes to hold it as a preliminary gathering to the German assembly. The Swiss Conference programme is nearly identical with the German projects. Not only the labouring classes' condition at work, but their welfare at home is under Imperial consideration, for the War Minister has conferred with a working-men's deputation on the subject of improved dwellings. Moreover, the Emperor has issued two other important Rescripts, dealing with the practical education of military cadets and the treatment of soldiers by their officers. Emperor William has already condemned very severely all instances of officers behaving harshly to their men, and he now warns offenders that prompt punishment will follow.

Like her neighbour, FRANCE has been busy with elections. It is a bitter mortification to the Government that the five unseated Boulangists were returned by the Seine on Sunday with great majorities, while M. Naquet has every chance of obtaining the sixth seat at the second ballot. Certainly the provinces returned three Republicans, but this victory does not compensate for the disappointment of finding Paris staunch to the General. Naturally, General Boulanger is jubilant, and telegraphs from Jersey: "What do people mean by saying Boulanger is dead? Never has it been more alive." He speaks mysteriously of what he will do at the time of his return to France, and, answering the unfavourable criticisms comparing his attitude with that of the Duc d'Orléans, pronounces that he, as the serious chief of a party, could not commit himself to an act of bravado such as that of the young Prince. In return, the Orléanists assert that the Boulangist success is due to the reaction towards Conservatism produced by the Duc's enterprise. They continue to laud the young Prince as a martyr and a patriot, and their ostentatious zeal hampers the Government in dealing with him so leniently as they would wish. As expected, the Duc's trial resulted in his condemnation, but he received only the minimum sentence named by the Law of Exile—two years' imprisonment. Ten days were allowed for appeal, so the Duc's ultimate destination will not be known till to-day (Saturday), when no one will be surprised if the Government ends the matter by pardoning him and turning him out of the country. However, the Cabinet may delay the pardon so as not to incur the accusation of yielding to popular clamour. Whether the Orléanist family knew nothing of the Duc's intentions or abetted him in secret—as many still think—they now loudly applaud their "dear prisoner." The Comte de Paris is hurrying back to England, declaring that he is proud of his son, while even the sober Duc d'Aumale, who at first held aloof, announces that his nephew is a "thoroughbred." The Orléanist hero this week has had a rival in PARIS in King Carnival, the Parisians celebrating Shrove Tuesday festivities with more zest than in former years. Children in fancy costumes crowded the Boulevards, and there were many older maskers. Now that Lent has set in, the churches will be crowded to hear the fashionable preachers, extra church-going being recommended to replace the fasting obligations removed by the late Papal dispensation. The Bishops have seized the opportunity for arousing their congregations to contribute towards a monument to Joan of Arc. Being so delighted with her part of the heroic Joan, Madame Sarah Bernhardt now aspires to represent the Virgin Mary in a French passion play, *Le Mystère*, which will be produced at Easter.

The agitation in PORTUGAL is becoming a serious danger for the Crown. The Republicans and Progressists take advantage of the present outcry against England to undermine the Monarchy, so that King Charles has grown unpopular, and occupies a most trying position. On their side, the Government take precautions against a Republican *pronunciamiento*, and, while appeasing the popular clamour by preparations for national defence, steadily quell all public anti-English manifestations. But, though less open, the bitterness against Great Britain is just as deep and widespread as ever, and the Press are endeavouring to disprove Lord Salisbury's statements by recounting Mr. Johnston's efforts to establish an understanding last spring. They omit to notice that Mr. Johnston visited Lisbon in a non-official character only, to sound the intentions of the Government. Portugal is now disputing with the Congo State about her boundaries, and Switzerland will accordingly act as arbitrator.

AUSTRIA mourns one of her most brilliant statesmen in Count Julius Andrássy, who died on Tuesday after a long and painful illness. Born in 1823, the Count early became prominent in Hungarian politics, and during the Revolution of 1848 played so important a part that he had to fly for his life, and was even hanged in effigy by the Austrian Government. Returning home after the amnesty, the Count zealously supported Déak in upholding his country's liberties, and when Hungary obtained a Constitution, Andrássy became her Premier, and was recognised as one of her most talented politicians. Prince Bismarck praised him as "a splendid incarnation of all that is best in the Hungarian character," and the Prince and Count were on the best of terms when Count Andrássy became Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister on the resig-

nation of Count Beust after the Franco-German War. Then came the Alliance of the Three Emperors, and Count Andrássy's popularity was at its height till the Eastern troubles, resulting in the



COUNT JULIUS ANDRÁSSY
Born March 8, 1823. Died February 18, 1890

Russo-Turkish Campaign, destroyed all union. At the Berlin Congress Count Andrássy was one of the chief figures; but his policy regarding the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina undermined his position, and, financial complications ensuing, the Count resigned his post in 1879. Since then he has mixed little in politics, yet to the last he expected to be recalled to public life. Now that he is gone, both the Austrians and Hungarians recognise his talents, and general mourning prevails. The Government will erect a monument to his memory. The portrait engraved above is from a photograph by Dr. Székely, Vienna. In Count Andrássy's day BULGARIA was not the same source of disturbance to Austria as at present, when the Panitza conspiracy awakens fresh anxieties. It is confidently asserted that the visit of Prince Alexander of Battenberg to Vienna was as much concerned with giving Count Kalnoky a clear idea of affairs in the Principality as with plans for the Prince taking active service in the Austrian Army. Further, the *Pester Lloyd*, the organ of the Hungarian Ministry, again urges that Austria should recognise Prince Ferdinand to secure him against Russian plots. Nothing new has transpired respecting the conspiracy, and Major Panitza still awaits trial. Public opinion credits M. Hittrovo, Russian Minister to Bulgaria, with a considerable share in the matter, noting, as an additional proof, that the Minister has been summoned suddenly to St. Petersburg.

In INDIA the Chin-Lushai Expedition has completed the first stage of its advance, Brigadier-General Symons with the Chin column having reached Haka, where General Tregear and the Lushai column will join his force. As soon as the two columns combine they will advance on the Tashon capital, profiting by the dissensions between the Tashons and the Hakas, who are busy fighting each other. The troops continue in indifferent health, like the members of the Shan-Siam Boundary Commission, most of whom are ill with fever. Nevertheless, the Commission advances steadily. To turn to home affairs, Calcutta has witnessed some important manoeuvres by the garrison, intended to test the defences of the city against an enemy ascending the Hooghly. Bombay is planning a grand reception for Prince Albert Victor, who is still visiting various native Princes in Rajpootana.

The prospects of Federation for AUSTRALASIA have been advanced materially by the Melbourne Conference. After a most harmonious debate throughout, the Conference adopted unanimously Sir Henry Parkes' proposal for Federation, and added other resolutions for carrying this proposal into effect. Thus Captain Russell, for New Zealand, suggested that the remote Australasian colonies might be admitted to the Union at any subsequent convenient time, while Mr. Deakin, for Victoria, proposed that the members of the Conference should persuade their respective Legislatures to appoint, this year, Delegates to a National Australasian Convention, empowered to consider and report upon a Federation scheme. This Convention would consist of seven members from each self-governing colony, and four from each Crown colony, and the Victorian Premier is authorised to convene the Convention early next year. A loyal address to the Queen was adopted to introduce these resolutions, and the Conference then adjourned.

In the UNITED STATES the Senate is very busy with foreign treaties. The Anglo-American Extradition Convention has been ratified, while the Foreign Relations Committee have presented their report on the Russian Extradition Treaty, from which they have cut out the clause declaring that an attempt on the Czar's life is not a political offence. In the Lower House the obstructionist contest has recommenced over the vote in favour of holding the World's Fair in 1892. The Republicans have managed to pass the new rules of the House, hoping to crush obstruction, but the Democrats protest that they will appeal to a higher authority. The fishery dispute with England is still being discussed by Mr. Blaine and the British Minister, who have now been obliged to refer certain proposals to their respective Governments, concessions being suggested on both sides. Meanwhile the Americans are very angry that the Judge of the Supreme Court at Victoria, BRITISH COLUMBIA, has given judgment that the United States have no jurisdiction in the Behring Sea outside the three-mile limit. CANADA is also anxious about her fishing relations with the United States, as the Dominion Government have not yet been informed whether the *modus vivendi* will be continued. The Toronto University has been burnt down with the loss of the valuable library and museum. Two servants were carrying a tray of lighted lamps, when the tray broke and the falling lamps ignited the building.

MISCELLANEOUS.—SPAIN is uneasy about the proposed dry dock at Gibraltar, and the Ministry has been questioned in the Senate whether the Government would prevent Great Britain from encroaching on Spanish territory for her naval establishments. The debate was deferred in the absence of the Foreign Minister, but the Republicans have taken up the subject as a pretext for patriotic agitation.—In BELGIUM the Antwerp explosion case has been tried before the Court of Higher Appeal, with serious result to M. Corvulin, the proprietor of the cartridge factory where the catastrophe occurred. Originally he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

Now the term is increased to five and a-half years, while he must pay still larger indemnities to the families of the victims.—In ABYSSINIA the rebellious leader, Ras Alula, is reported to have died of his wounds after being seriously defeated by King Menelek's general, Degiac Seloum.—In EAST AFRICA the new Sultan of Zanzibar, Seyyid Ali, has succeeded his brother without opposition. The late Sultan, Seyyid Khalifah, had scarcely reigned two years, and died suddenly from heat apoplexy. Seyyid Ali is popular among the Arabs, and is expected to favour the Europeans, so his first reception on Monday was crowded. All the Foreign Representatives attended, besides Admiral Fremantle and his officers. Major Wissmann's expedition to Usambara has been successful, the native chiefs submitting, and restoring all stolen property. Bwana Heri still holds out, however, and as soon as reinforcements arrive the Major will set out afresh against the southern ports. He also proposes to march into the interior in April. On the Victoria Nyanza King Mwanga has regained the throne of Uganda, with the help of some Europeans, annihilating the usurper King Kalema and his forces.—In SOUTH AFRICA the Matabele Envoys who recently visited England have been received most cordially by Lobengula.



THE Queen has returned to Windsor. Before leaving the Isle of Wight, Her Majesty received a visit from Prince George of Wales, who came over from his naval duties at Portsmouth, and on Saturday night a short instrumental concert took place at Osborne before the Queen, Prince and Princess Henry, and a few guests, Mr. Rutland's band, of West Cowes, providing the music. On Sunday morning Her Majesty, with the Prince and Princess, attended Divine Service at Osborne, where Canon Prothero officiated. The Royal party left Osborne on Wednesday, reaching Windsor Castle to lunch. The Queen will spend a few days in town at the beginning of next month to hold the first Drawing-room of the season. Her Majesty has been much grieved by the death of Earl Sydney, who had been so closely connected with the Court. According to present arrangements, the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry leave England on March 25th, and, after crossing from Portsmouth to Cherbourg in the *Victoria and Albert*, will travel direct to Aix-les-Bains without stopping at Paris.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remain in town. The Princess's brother, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, left Marlborough House on Saturday to rejoin his vessel, the *St. Thomas*, at Gravesend, and later Prince Christian, with his son and the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, called on the Prince and Princess. Prince George arrived from Portsmouth on leave, and accompanied the Prince and Princess and daughters to Terry's Theatre in the evening. Next day the Royal party went to church as usual, and on Monday the Prince was present at the debate in the House of Lords. The Prince and Princess and daughters also received Mr. Harris of Meudon, Michigan, to show off his collie "Boz," and in the evening they went to the Gaiety Theatre. On Tuesday the Duchess of Teck and her daughter lunched with the Prince and Princess, and afterwards the Prince again went to the House of Lords. In the evening he was present at the Smoking Concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society. On Thursday the Prince of Wales was expected to attend Earl Sydney's funeral, while yesterday (Friday) he would hold the first Levée of the season at St. James's Palace. Owing to his engagements, the Prince has given up for the present his intended visit to the Riviera, although he still intends to go to Berlin next month.—Thursday was the twenty-third birthday of the Prince and Princess's eldest daughter, Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife.

The Duke of Edinburgh is expected home from Russia about Tuesday next. On Saturday he was present with the Czar at the review of the troops and military cadets of the Guard before the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. On Sunday the Duke and Duchess attended the christening of the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch's infant daughter.—Princess Louise witnessed Barnum's final performance at Olympia on Saturday night. The Princess will visit Torquay on May 6th to open a local Arts and Crafts Exhibition.—The Duchess of Albany kept her twenty-ninth birthday on Monday. The Duchess will be present next Monday at the opening lecture of a course on Domestic Hygiene for Ladies, held at the Parkes Museum.—Princess Christian still feels the effects of her recent attack of influenza, and, though able to go out at Wiesbaden, is far from strong.—The children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught leave India shortly for England as their parents are coming home via Japan and Canada.—Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and Princess Alix are staying at Malta.—Although the young King of Serbia was only thirteen last August, his engagement to a Russian Grand Duchess is being planned already.



RETURN OF DR. JOACHIM.—Dr. Joachim on Monday last made his *réntree* at the Monday Popular Concerts; and the distinguished violinist, who has been one of the chief performers at these entertainments ever since the "Pops" were first started, was naturally accorded a very warm reception. It is almost a *sine qua non* that, on his first appearance for the season, Dr. Joachim should play one of the Razoumowsky quartets and a solo. The quartet chosen on this occasion was the Razoumowsky in C, of which a remarkably fine rendering was given, the various performers apparently taking extra care in compliment to their distinguished colleague. A Haydn quartet closed the programme, which included four songs for Miss Lisa Lehmann, three of Scarlatti's quaint harpsichord pieces, and a scherzo by Jadasohn for Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The violin solo was Bach's *Chaconne*, the difficulties of which were deemed insurmountable by the older violinists, but which has long been a *cheval de bataille* with Dr. Joachim. For an encore the violinist played a movement in C from one of Bach's violin sonatas.

"LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE."—A few words only are necessary to chronicle the revival at the Opera Comique on Monday of M. Planquette's best-known opera. Unfortunately the performance was not wholly without flaw, some of the principal artists being better actors and actresses than singers, while Miss Irena Verona, the leading vocalist, was absent through illness. But Mr. Sheil Barry repeated his fine impersonation of the miser Gaspard, which he has already played five thousand times; and the management have mounted *Les Cloches* as liberally, and with as little regard to cost, as though it were a genuine novelty.

OPERATIC MATTERS.—The Carl Rosa Company will close their season at Liverpool this week. They have not produced

either Balfe's *Talisman* or the English version of Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles*. Balfe's opera, which was performed in Italian at Drury Lane, in 1874, with Madames Nilsson and Marie Roze in the chief parts, has, indeed, never yet been heard in its original English form, although it will probably be given during a month's season, commencing upon the 3rd prox., which the Carl Rosa Company propose to undertake in Manchester. The opera will also be one of the productions of the London season after Easter. Mr. Cowen's opera will be another novelty, and the chorus and parts for principals have just been delivered to the various artists. Mr. Bennett's libretto is upon a Scandinavian story, and in Mr. Cowen's music some of the characteristics of the Norwegian style have designedly been imitated.—Although various reports have been in circulation concerning Mr. Augustus Harris's repertory for the forthcoming season at the Royal Italian Opera, the manager himself has not yet finally settled his plans. The positive statement that an Italian version of Mr. Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda* will be produced is, we have the best reason to believe, wholly premature. Among the list of "possible" operas are *Orphée*, *Esmeralda*, *Le Prophète*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Die Walküre*, and from them a selection of at least two will be made. *Esmeralda* in its English form, and with the alterations that Mr. Goring Thomas has recently made, will, however, positively be produced by Mr. Harris in the course of the Carl Rosa English Season at Drury Lane.—A statement, at present uncorroborated, is made in the Italian papers that the projected season of Italian opera at Her Majesty's Theatre has been postponed till next year.

THE ROSENHAIN CONCERTO.—The Concerto in D by the veteran composer, Jacob Rosenhain, produced at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, although never before heard in England, cannot fairly be described as a new work. Rosenhain is now a veteran in his seventy-eighth year. It is sixty-seven years since, as a boy-prodigy of ten, he made his *début* at one of the minor German Courts as a pianist. It is fifty-three years since he made his first appearance in London at a Philharmonic Society's concert. Rosenhain, who resided many years in Paris, and was in that city a constant associate of Cherubini, Chopin, and Auber, and a partner in a pianoforte-teaching school with J. B. Cramer, has for over forty years past lived in Baden-Baden; and two years since, as a veteran of seventy-five, he gave to the world a couple of new compositions. His concerto, as might be expected from the pen of a musician who flourished upwards of forty years ago, is not written in the style of the present day; although it is, of course, none the worse for that. The first movement more or less shows the influence of Chopin, while the last is strongly impregnated with the example of Rosenhain's friend and patron, Mendelssohn. The best movement of the concerto is, however, the brief andante, which leads into the *finale*. But the whole work is notable for its symmetry and its grace rather than for any particular power; while the pianoforte part, as is not unusual in the works of its period, is both brilliant and not a little difficult. It was played admirably by Miss Fanny Davies, who also was heard in Bach's Fugue in A minor and Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso." The symphony was Mendelssohn's *Scotch*; and the vocalist was Miss Amelia Sinico, the daughter of the well-known *prima donna*. Miss Sinico is a promising young soprano; and, when her voice is more matured, and she has gained further experience, this very young lady will probably have a successful future.

CONCERTS, VARIOUS.—Miss Geisler-Schubert, in association with Miss Fillunger, gave an interesting concert last week. Songs by Schumann, Madame Schumann, and Brahms (including one of his latest, the setting of Adolph Frey's "Meine Lieder," from Op. 105) were most artistically sung by Miss Fillunger, who has made quite a speciality of German *lie er*. Miss Schubert succeeded far better in her granduncle's Trio in E flat than in the long and prolix Sonata in B flat.—At the Ballad Concert last week a graceful, though somewhat conventional, song, "Twas Surely Fate," by Miss Hope Temple, was sung by Mr. Oswald, and another new song, "Sea Bells," by Mr. Molloy, entrusted to Mrs. Mary Davies, pleased by its brightness and melodiousness. The older songs, however, are always more popular at the Ballad Concerts than the new; and "Eily Mavourneen," "Now Phœbus Sinketh in the West," "The Fine Old English Gentleman," "The Oak and the Ash," "Adelaide," and similar things once more elicited hearty applause. Wednesday of this week being Ash Wednesday, the programme was devoted to sacred music, including some of the songs from the oratorios.—At a concert given by the Musical Artists' Society on Saturday, a duet for two pianos by Mr. Stephens, specially written for the Conference of Musicians recently held at Bristol, and a pianoforte trio in G by Miss Ellicott, a daughter of the Bishop of Gloucester were performed.—On Tuesday at St. James's Hall the Stock Exchange Choir produced a clever little cantata, *In the Forest*, by Mr. J. F. H. Read, a well-known amateur, and a prominent member of the Stock Exchange.—Concerts have also been given by Miss Marian Bateman, the Clapham Philharmonic Society, Miss Marguerite Hall, Mr. Nichol, the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, the Royal Choral Society (when Gounod's *Redemption* was announced), and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Mr. Sims Reeves made his first appearance since his long illness at Mr. Kube's concert at Brighton on Monday, and was said to be in excellent voice.—The "cyclos," or series of performances of all Wagner's operas from *Rienzi* to the *Nibelung's Ring* (*Parsifal* excepted), will begin at the German Opera House, New York, on Wednesday.—Madame Georgina Burns and Mr. Leslie Crotty have signed fresh engagements with the Carl Rosa Company, ending in the summer of next year.—The fiftieth anniversary of the Reid Festival was held in Edinburgh last week. It lasted three days, and Sir Charles Hallé's band assisted. There were no novelties.—The veteran operatic contralto, Madame Demerit Lablache, will, it is said, now retire from the stage, and will adopt the profession of a teacher of singing in Liverpool.—Mr. Hermann Klein, a professor of singing at the Guildhall School of Music, and a well-known musical critic was married on Wednesday to Miss Clarice Cornwell, a sister of the Proprietor of the *Sunday Times*.

COLLABORATION IN AUTHORSHIP is frequent enough, but collaborative preaching is a novelty. In Boston, recently, two ministers have attracted large congregations by preaching "joint sermons"—one minister taking the first half, and the other closing the discourse, each in turn.

WEATHER WARNINGS are to be furnished daily by the Canadian Government to the farmers in Manitoba and the North-West Territory. The trains on the Canadian Pacific Railway will carry discs showing the official meteorological reports, in order that the agricultural community may take precautions against coming storms.

EASTER EGGS IN PARIS this season will be presented in imitation *gamelles*—copies of the French soldier's bowl for soup and stewed meat. This novelty is a delicate allusion to the Duc d'Orléans and his military aspirations. The *gamelles* will be made out of copper, silvered tin, or silvery cardboard, to represent the original metal pannikin as closely as possible.

THE GOVERNOR OF NEW GUINEA is again exploring up the Fly River, having met with such success in his recent investigations. On his first visit some natives attacked the Governor's launch, but were beaten off, and returned later to make their submission bringing a pig as a peace-offering. When Sir W. MacGregor passed their settlement a second time he found the tribe most friendly, and he has now gone into quite unknown regions.



THE new three-act drama by Mr. Walter Frith, son of the Royal Academician, which was produced at a *matinée* at the COMEDY Theatre last week, is based on a notion which furnishes the theme of one of Mrs. Edwards's most successful novels. The dramatist however, has failed to develop it in a way to bring out its dramatic capabilities. A blind gentleman, who has formed an attachment to a young lady, leaves England, undergoes an operation by which he recovers sight, returns, and, being necessarily ignorant of the features of his lady-love, takes to his heart his lady-love's cousin. A very simple mistake, it might be thought, and one very easy of rectification; though the cousin, nothing loth to supplant the true object of the hero's affections, designedly favours the misunderstanding. What more easy, when the inevitable discovery is made, than to tender a thousand apologies? But not so in Mr. Frith's play. The gentleman, for some reason which he confesses himself unable to discover, persists in his blunder, and marries the wrong lady. In this way Mr. Frith arrives at a complication of affairs which is productive of many stirring and dramatic situations; but the foundations of the piece are too weak to support so elaborate a superstructure. The parts of the hero and heroine were performed with excellent taste and feeling by Mr. Nutcombe Gould and Miss May Whitty; and, though Miss Gertrude Kingston rather exaggerated and over-emphasised the part of the scheming and bigamous cousin, it was not the fault of the acting that *A Family Feud* (the appositeness of the title is not very apparent) failed to take a stronger hold upon the sympathies of the spectators.

Miss Minnie Palmer has engaged the GAIETY Theatre for a series of Saturday *matinée* performances of a play entitled *My Brother's Sister*, in which, under various more or less unconvincing pretexts, she finds occasion to impersonate a New York shoeblack boy, a maid servant in a short frock, a Boston heiress with a sweeping train, and a pert American youth who smokes unlimited cigarettes. The play, said to be the production of Mr. Marsden, the American playwright who committed suicide some years ago, is absolutely worthless, though it fulfils its manifestly paramount object of presenting Miss Palmer in these various characters. It seems there are a large number of playgoers in America who like pieces of this sort, and who find pleasure in the pertness and vulgarity of Miss Palmer's style; and, judging from the hilarity of the audience at the Gaiety, there are also playgoers on this side of the Atlantic whose tastes tend in the same direction; but *My Brother's Sister* belongs to a class of American pieces which ought not to be encouraged.

Tragedy—or rather Mrs. Bernard Beere's—"sweeping train" having disappeared from the GARRICK Theatre, mirth and jollity will this evening take its place, in the form of Mr. Sydney Grundy's new farcical comedy entitled *A Pair of Spectacles*. Mr. Hare, who has been enjoying an unconscionably long holiday, will play an important part.

Mrs. Langtry having completely recovered from her recent severe illness, the ST. JAMES'S Theatre will open on Monday evening, under her management, with *As You Like It*. The Rosalind of this accomplished lady is not wholly unknown to London audiences; but if the American critics can be trusted, her impersonation has been greatly improved by time and practice.

Mr. Irving, according to his custom, declines to avail himself of the lately-accorded privilege of opening his doors on Ash Wednesday. The truth is that our actors work harder than ever, and are glad of a little relief. Mr. Irving's notion of relief, however, like that of the poet Southey, consists in change of work, and his Ash Wednesday was accordingly spent in addressing the members of the Wolverhampton Literary and Scientific Society, of which he is the president.

There is some talk among journalists of a remonstrance against the system of "garbling extracts from the Press in public advertisements, or quoting from such testimonies in a manner deliberately calculated to mislead." Dramatic critics in this way are sometimes surprised to find that by cunning omission of the context they are made to approve what they have, in fact, condemned. They should take warning by the fate of the gentleman who gave his discharged butler a character in the words "For drunkenness and incivility I never had a butler to equal John Jones." John Jones, according to the story, thought it prudent to obliterate the first four words of this certificate of super-excellence.

Viscountess Maidstone has undertaken to play *Antigone* in a performance of Sophocles' tragedy which is to be given at Loughborough on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday next for the benefit of the local Dispensary. Mr. Bernard de Lile enacts Creon. It is reported that great pains have been expended on the scenic and musical preparations.

Mr. Toole is now "posting o'er land and ocean without rest," on his way to entertain the playgoing public in Australia, who are certain to give him a cordial reception. The last of the long series of farewell entertainments took place on Friday and Saturday last week. On the former day the Prince of Wales was the host at the Garrick Club, on Saturday it was Mr. Irving in the famous Beef-steak Room at the LYCEUM.

Nothing is yet decided about the piece that is to succeed *The Dead Heart*. When theatres are prosperous, managers, as a rule, wisely take little thought of the future. The Bastille will continue to be taken at the Lyceum nightly at least till Easter next; but in the summer, after the close of the present season, Mr. Irving and Miss Terry propose to give readings from *Macbeth* both in London and in the larger provincial cities. Mr. Irving is also thinking of starring in the suburbs in *The Bells* some time in June next.

Miss Dorothy Dene has taken the place of Miss Kate Rorke in the character of Helena in Mr. Benson's revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Audiences still flock to the GLOBE to see this picturesque and beautiful performance, which has been recently enriched by some further musical features.

Mrs. Bancroft has determined, for some reason, to postpone the production of her little play called *A Riverside Story*.

A Man's Shadow is now performing at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, as well as at the HAYMARKET. Mr. J. G. Grahame at the former house plays Mr. Beerbohm Tree's parts.

A curious example of the international tendencies of the modern stage will be seen shortly at the SHAFTESBURY Theatre, where the Amsterdam company, who have been playing *The Middleman* with such brilliant success, have undertaken to give a representation of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play in the Dutch language.

A new poem by Mr. Savile Clarke, based on an incident of the Siege of Lucknow, will shortly be recited by Miss Amy Roselle at the EMPIRE.

A new theatre is to be opened in Richmond at Easter, not on the site of the old house by the corner of the green, which has so many historical associations, but on the spot in the heart of the town where till lately stood the Castle Hotel. The new house will be under the direction of Mr. Horace Lennard.

THE ROYALTY, which has not prospered of late, brings its season to a close this week.



INSANITY IN PARIS has increased thirty per cent. within the last sixteen years. Drink and extravagance are the two chief causes, numbers of persons going mad from worry caused by living beyond their means. Women become insane much more frequently than men, especially through drink.

GERMANY IS BENT ON NAVAL IMPROVEMENTS. The new great harbour at Cuxhaven will be begun shortly, as the works will occupy three years. This port will be large enough to accommodate 100 of the largest vessels at one time, and will be thirty feet deep at low water. Another important harbour at Emmerlaf on the North Sea is also planned.

THE EDINBURGH EXHIBITION, which opens at the beginning of May, is in a very satisfactory state of progress. Twice the amount of space available has been applied for, and several foreign countries exhibit officially. There are two large buildings connected by a covered walk, the electrical and engineering departments occupying one section, while the other is devoted to Art, industrial and general exhibits. A railway section will be arranged, together with a collection of Police relics and a Post Office department, illustrating the advance of the postal system during the last half-century.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL is in most unsatisfactory health. His nerves are so shaken by his recent troubles that he cannot brook the least contradiction, while he does not realise his changed situation, but expects daily a message from Brazil inviting him to return. Neither will he economise in any way, although he is fast getting into debt, now that no allowance comes from Brazil, while his private property is so involved that probably the sale would only cover his liabilities. The Prince and Princess de Joinville expect that they will be compelled to support the Emperor. Dom Pedro is still at Cannes.

AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION OF MAPS AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CAUCASUS is now open in the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society. Most of the photographs were taken by Signor Sella, son of the late Italian Premier, when accompanying the British search-party for Messrs. Donkin and Fox last year. They include fine panoramas of the Caucasian range from considerable heights on Elbruz and other lofty points, together with groups of the Suanetian natives. Some enlargements from the damaged negatives found amongst the late Mr. Donkin's luggage possess a melancholy interest. Mr. Freshfield's maps are admirable.

POOR LONDON CHILDREN certainly enjoy much amusement and recreation which their parents never anticipated in their youth. The latest philanthropic idea is to give "Happy Evenings" to Board School children, so as to teach the little ones healthful play, and keep them out of the streets. This plan has been most successful in Lambeth, so now Mrs. Jeune, who has had so much experience with the poor, has started the movement in Marylebone. The children go through a regular programme of amusements, dances alternating with familiar nursery games, under the superintendence of the teachers and of various ladies and gentlemen who come to assist.

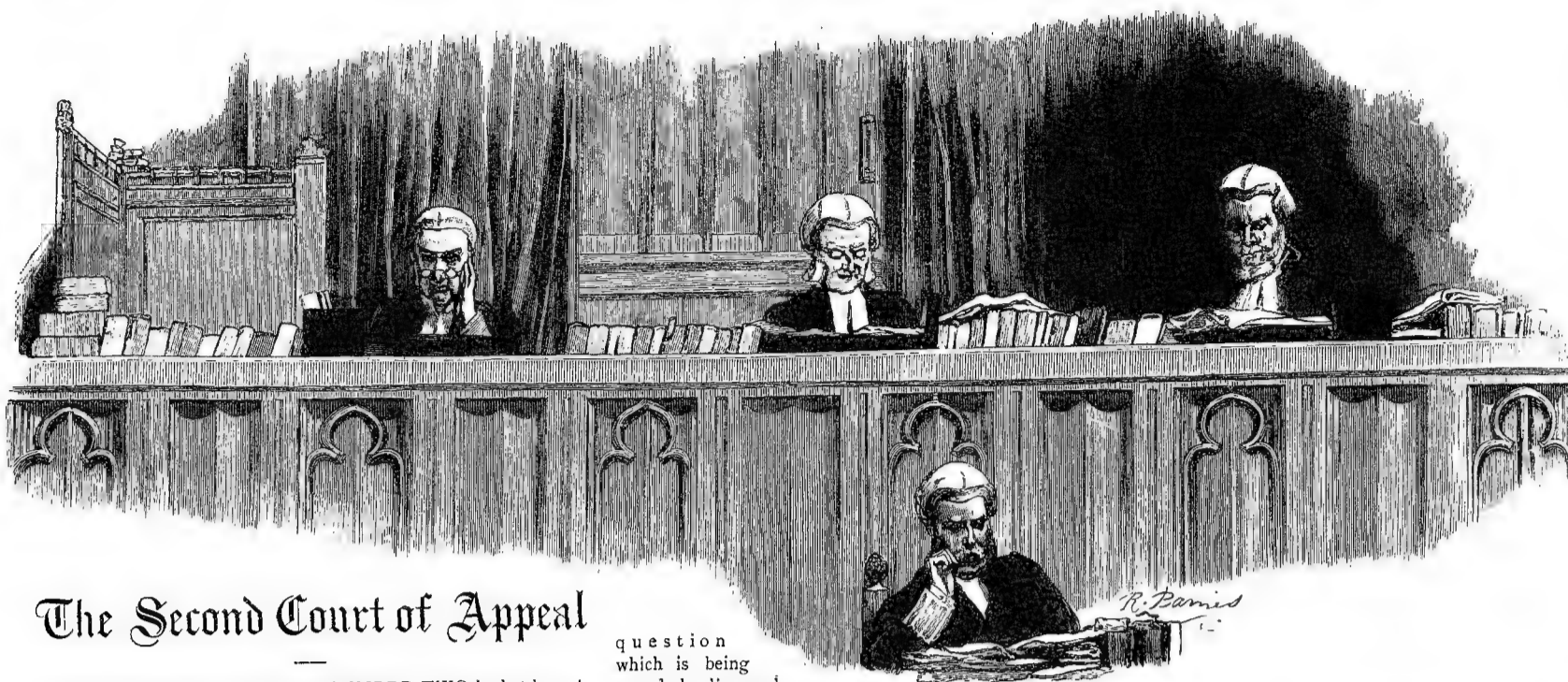
A CURIOUS MALADY has succeeded the influenza epidemic at Milan—*la nona*. When sufferers are recovering from the influenza, they often fall into a state of coma for two or three days. If they wake up thoroughly, *la nona* has no further consequences, but if they sink into another sleep, death follows within a few hours. Speaking of the influenza, Berkshire suffers severely from the epidemic just now. On the European Continent the malady has nearly disappeared, but it is raging in Central Asia. Two-thirds of the Russian garrison at Tashkend are laid low, and the natives attribute the epidemic to the advance of the Central Asian railway, which they regard as an evil influence.

MIMOSA has been the favourite blossom on the Riviera during the various Battles of Flowers this season. Some of the best decorated carriages at Nice displayed great sheaves of the graceful mimosa, bent into golden canopies tied with yellow ribbon. Violets blended well with the mimosa, and another tasteful scheme of colour was shown in a carriage covered with brilliant scarlet anemones and knots of peach-coloured ribbon. Red and white carnations were much patronised, together with white stocks tied with red and green ribbons. The most picturesque turn-out, however, was a rustic cart arranged to represent a Nice garden with its flowers, fruits, and vegetables, where two coquettish peasant-girls sat in a thatched arbour. Altogether, the flowers were especially fine, and in such profusion that even the pet dogs wore a rose or a bunch of violets in their collars.

THE JEWELLERY OF THE LATE EMPRESS AUGUSTA OF GERMANY has been distributed amongst her family and friends. One trinket was buried with the Empress—the plain gold band which Emperor William gave her as an engagement ring. Most of her heirlooms descended to the present German Empress, notably her favourite pearl necklace, with its splendid seventeen rows of costly pearls, and diamond clasp. The Empress Frederick received a stomacher of diamonds and pearls, with earrings to match, and a bracelet with a miniature in a rose-setting of diamonds, and the Hereditary Princess of Meiningen inherited a set of opals and diamonds. None of the Empress' most distant relatives were omitted in the distribution, even to the members of our own Royal Family.

THE DUC D'ORLÉANS enjoys many privileges in the Paris Conciergerie. He is allowed to receive some eighteen friends and relatives, so that he has ample distraction during visiting hours, and his betrothed, Princess Marguerite, sees him daily. He has plenty of books, travels being his favourite style of literature, and once a day he can walk for an hour in the courtyard. Some difficulty was raised at first about allowing the Duc to attend Mass, as the only service in the Conciergerie was held for the women prisoners, whose attention might be distracted by his sudden appearance in their midst. However, the Duc appealed to the Minister of the Interior, Mgr. Freppel supporting his petition, and last Sunday he was hidden away in a small gallery in the Salle des Girondins, where the women's service is conducted, and was able to hear Mass, though unseen himself. Whether he serves his term of imprisonment at the Conciergerie, or is removed to a provincial prison, the Duc will not be treated very severely. He will be kept apart from all other prisoners, and will be allowed to wear his own clothes, provide his food, read what he likes, and receive visits. All his letters, however, must pass through the Governor's hands.

LONDON MORTALITY showed a slight increase last week. The deaths numbered 1,809, against 1,749 during the previous seven days, being an advance of 60, but 58 below the average, while the death-rate was 21·3 per 1,000. Fine weather has reduced the mortality from lung maladies, the fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs further declining to 409—a decrease of 44, and 86 below the average. These included 30 casualties from influenza—a fall of 8. There were 115 deaths from whooping-cough (a rise of 24), 39 from diphtheria (an increase of 15), 21 from measles (an advance of 13), 14 from scarlet fever (a fall of 5), 12 from enteric fever (a rise of 10), 6 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 2), and 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever. Different forms of violence caused 56 fatalities, including 5 suicides. There were 2,793 births registered—an advance of 84, but 110 below the average return.



The Second Court of Appeal

THE COURT OF APPEAL NUMBER TWO is that branch of Appellate Tribunal which deals more particularly with matters brought up on Appeal from the Chancery Division. The Court commands wide respect, and exercises a wide usefulness. In the Chancery Division so many of the Judges sit singly to hear matters of all kinds that come before them, that there is a considerable chance of mistakes being made owing to individual idiosyncrasies. The "personal equation" enters largely into their decisions. We are far from saying that they do not do much good and useful work, but it is at the same time undoubtedly true that there is a larger element of uncertainty in decisions where the opinion of one only is given, than in those where two, or it may be three, Judges have concurred. The Court of Appeal, No. 2, therefore, exercises a useful and effective control. Its functions at one time consisted to, almost as a matter of course, reverse the decisions of more than one distinguished Chancery Judge who has now joined the majority; and although we are not aware there is any member of the Equity Bench who is now consistently upset on Appeal, it is no secret that a very large proportion of the cases that come before the Court of Appeal are either reversed or varied.

When Lord Justice Cotton, Lord Justice Lopes, and Lord Justice Fry have reviewed any question, no matter how intricate it may be, whether involving questions of fact or points of law, there is little doubt left as either to the merits or the equities. It has, indeed, come to be largely acknowledged that the decision of the Chancery Court of Appeal is more or less conclusive, and the Appeals which are carried to the House of Lords from this tribunal are comparatively few and far between.

We need not go into detail as to the jurisdiction of the Lords Justices in Bankruptcy, Lunacy, and so on, nor need we discuss the practice and procedure of the Court. These are largely technical matters of no great public interest. It is enough to know that no tribunal erected under the modern system has been more successful. The Court of Appeal No. 2, indeed, affords a fair example of what a final Court of Appeal might become when the Lord Chancellor presides, as sometimes happens. If, moreover, it were on occasion strengthened by the presence of one or more of the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, it would constitute as weighty a tribunal as the House of Lords itself. And it may be remarked that, to the ordinary mind, it seems very absurd that any question of sufficient public importance to require the decision of the supreme tribunal of the country before it can be regarded as settled, should have to be filtered through all these Courts to the House of Lords, involving interminable delay and enormous expense. If the issues have been fought out in the Court of First Instance, and the facts found, so that the question to be decided is as free from doubt as possible under the circumstances, why in the name of all that is wonderful should not a strong Court of Appeal be constituted to hear and decide the question of law once and for all? But the Court of Appeal, as it is, indeed every day decides, and decides once for all matters of supreme importance both public and private. Few, perhaps, of the rare visitors to this quiet Court are aware that the

question which is being so calmly discussed, that the cheerful chat which is going on between Bench and Bar, involves, it may be, the right to fabulous fortunes whether *in esse* or *in posse* which are submitted to it by all concerned, in full confidence that, so far as the laws of the land permit, justice will be done. And it says much for the strength of the Lords Justices that they are not afraid to point out with unsparing force the anomalies of the law and the blunders of the Legislature. We may, in truth, well be proud of the Court of Appeal.

It is an elementary maxim of law that no one will take advantage of his own wrong; yet, nevertheless, it sometimes happens that a man who has come within the clutch of the criminal law tries to make the best of a bad job by turning Queen's evidence against his accomplices—or, at least, by making a clean breast of his share in the transaction. Our illustration represents an incident in which a convict who had been guilty of forgery gave evidence as to his own forged signatures. The incident of a convict being brought up in the custody of a warder to testify on oath as to his own crimes possesses a vivid dramatic interest, of which our artist has here taken full advantage. We are not aware that it has been used by any of the masters of fiction; but, in this connection alone, it seems to possess great possibilities. It is, of course, an event of rare occurrence; but that it is not unknown is shown by the fact that only a short time ago a convict was brought up in the local Bankruptcy Court at Chatham for public examination. He was brought to the Court handcuffed, under the custody of two warders. The proceedings were somewhat affecting, for the convict bankrupt sobbed out that the proceedings were an attempt on the part of his brother to rob him of his estate. He refused to be sworn, or answer any questions. As the Registrar remarked, under the peculiar circumstances of the case there was no use in committing the debtor for contempt, and so the proceedings were abortive. Here is a glimpse of, it may be, a tragedy in real life. But, as a rule, convict witnesses are ready enough to tell all they know. They cannot be in any worse position than they are, and it is even whispered that the authorities are willing to take into consideration evidence given to further the course of justice, and to reward it by remitting a portion of the sentence. Be this as it may, however, the incident, though not one of daily or frequent occurrence in the Law Courts, possesses a curious interest.

We have now passed in review, although but cursorily, the Courts as they work day by day. We have seen, as it might be with a bird's-eye, the work, or some of the work, of a single day, in the Courts of the Common Law Division, in the Divorce Court, in the Chancery Courts, and in the Courts of Appeal. And, incomplete as our survey must necessarily be, it may serve to give a glimpse of the realities of life as illustrated by our legal proceedings. It would be easy to construct the story of a life, or indeed of many lives, from the incidents which are thus being revealed, as a matter of course, almost every day of the legal year. It is not a pleasant story. It is a story full of human weakness and human wickedness; a story in which we find the strong oppressing the weak, the rich taking advantage of the necessities of the poor. We see here in all their naked deformity every type of folly and vice—the blunders of the simple and the methods of the knavish. We need not go to the criminal courts for evidence of crime. Almost every day in the witness-box men and women by their own confession stand declared before the world as outcasts in the eye of society and of the law. Humanity, indeed, as illustrated by the Law Courts, is a sorry study. Lawyers, it is said, are in the habit of looking at human nature from its worst side, and this is, indeed, not to be wondered at, for it is not with honest men and women that the fraternity of the long robe are most concerned. We cannot here discuss forensic ethics, but nobody can spend even a day in the Law Courts without realising that, beyond all this, there is one code of morals inside and another outside Courts of Justice. We are far from saying that the Courts do not as a whole work justice,

but no system is perfect, not even our own elaborate judicial machinery is always capable of holding the balance even. So long as law and lawyers exist so long technicalities will flourish, and it is a matter of common experience how often a simple dispute, which, on its merits, is not worth the minutes' argument, is prolonged so that it endures for days, or weeks, or months, or it may be, years, by a multiplicity of minutiae which are to the ordinary mind simply contemptible. This is, in its way, inevitable; but it is nevertheless regrettable. Still, it must be admitted that immense strides have

been made; that within the last quarter of a century much has been done to reform the anomalies which disgraced our old legal procedure. We are far from intending to magnify the present at the expense of past. Grievances enough and to spare remain—and in this present dispensation will always remain unredressed. But it is impossible, if we contrast the existing condition of things in the courts with that which prevailed fifty, thirty, or twenty years ago, not to see that a gigantic improvement has been effected, and effected mainly by the unaided force of public opinion.

The Divorce Courts, much as it is abused, and much as it tempts hostile criticism, has, at least, done much to remedy the former scandals of the old procedure which required an action for the recovery of damages from the co-respondent, coupled with a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court for "separation from bed and board"—both it will be believed tedious and costly enough—to have been successfully prosecuted, and then to be followed by a Divorce Bill which had to pass through all its stages in both Lords and Commons before a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* could be obtained. Yet the Divorce Court is only thirty years old; and if it has facilitated the dissolution of nuptial contracts, it is a question which must be left for moralists and casuists to determine whether it has or has not injuriously affected public morality.

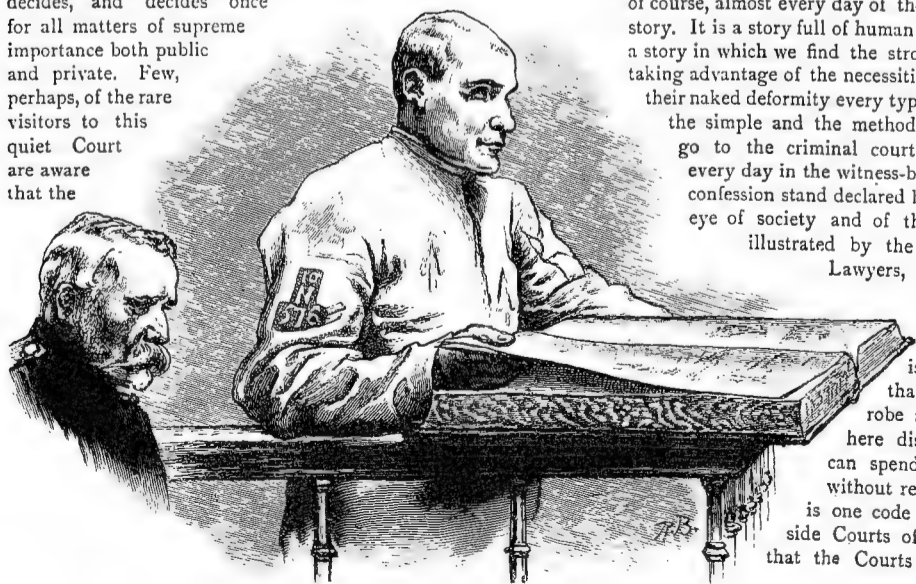
In bankruptcy, again (although it is a mistake to suppose that imprisonment for debt has been abolished), we have bade good-bye to the old ferocity, and much as the present bankruptcy law is inadequate to meet the perhaps exacting needs of commerce, still it remains true that, contrasting the present with the past, the gains have been great both to debtors and creditors. If we have not prevented fraudulent insolvency, if bankruptcy is still as it was in the days of John Bunyan, a flourishing trade when such men as Mr. Badman make "hatfuls of money," we have at least put an end to the scandal of the machinery of the law being used for the purpose of blackmail, and of men who were perfectly solvent finding themselves "in the *Gazette*," with an interminable and ruinous suit before them. At law, too, justice, if still hard to come by, is no longer "strangled in the nets of form." We have done away with the old fictions, which seemed to savour of the Middle Ages, and which prevailed down to almost modern times, in order to give the old Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer jurisdiction.

Pleadings, so far as they still exist at all, no longer multiply up real and imaginary causes of action so that it is perfectly impossible for the parties concerned to have the least idea what they were doing. Nisi Prius actions are still complicated enough, and litigants are still confused enough, but, compared with the past, the present forms are simplicity itself. Although the law's delay is still a fact and not a fiction, it is not what it once was.

Time was when if two different causes of action were put up each had to be prosecuted severally through all its stages. None of the parties, too, could give evidence. It is only a little more than thirty years since the plaintiff and defendant, everybody knows, often the only two persons who can give an account of the matters in dispute, were allowed to go into the witness-box. Then, too, mistakes were fatal; appeals, so far as they existed at all, were extremely hazardous. A court of law, moreover, could give no relief if the plaintiff sued in Equity. The Court of Chancery could entertain no question for which there was a remedy at law.

All this has been changed. Now as many causes of action as you please may be joined, and as many defences as you please. A defendant can now even in effect say that he did not do it, or if he did he had a right to do it. There is no limit whatever now as to the number of persons who can give evidence, and the plaintiff and defendant do, as a matter of fact, go into the witness-box with a remarkable alacrity, and swear the direct opposite to one another.

Mistakes can be amended on the day of trial. Appeals are, as we have explained, easy enough, as many think, too easy by half. But with all these advantages, a visit to the Law Courts will not tempt people to go to law.



A CONVICT WITNESS TO HIS OWN FORGERY



PICTURES BY DAUBIGNY

At the Goupil Gallery in New Bond Street may now be seen a collection of more than forty pictures by C. F. Daubigny, varied in style and subject, and including two or three of the finest that he produced. Although his own individual feeling is apparent in all of them, several of these pictures show that Daubigny derived much from the example of Corot, who was some twenty years older than himself. Without close examination, the view "On the Loire: Afternoon," lent by Mr. J. L. Forbes, might easily be taken for an excellent example of that master's work. To some extent, the same influence is evident in the small "Landscape, with Lake," which, as regards refined beauty and truth of colour and harmony of composition, is not surpassed by anything in the collection. Daubigny's power as a colourist and fine sense of style are also seen in "Village on the Banks of the Oise," in which the effect of vaporous atmosphere and soft, suffused light is admirably rendered. Entirely unlike these in treatment as well as in subject are two pictures of much later date, one representing "A Rocky Bay," and the other a wide expanse of open sea overshadowed by a stormy sky. Though not nearly so elaborate as the painter's early work, they are more distinctly original, larger in style, and more impressive. Both of them are full of tone and painted with breadth and easy mastery.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELLS' GALLERY

"ROYAL BERKSHIRE" is the title given to a large collection of pictures in oil and water-colour now on view at this gallery. About half of them are by Mr. Yeend King; and the rest by two comparatively unknown painters—Mr. John M. Bromley and Mr. J. M. Macintosh. The distinguishing characteristics of Mr. King's work have long been familiar to the public; but he is here seen to be an artist of rather wider range than has been hitherto supposed. Two or three of the landscapes by him have been exhibited before, and the others show no fresh development of his art. He is seen to much greater advantage in several recently-executed pictures and studies, in which picturesque old buildings and figures are harmoniously combined. The large view of "Market Hsley," with many characteristic and well-grouped figures, is a remarkably good work of its class—full of movement and daylight, and painted with unobtrusive strength and firmness. The same qualities are seen in the small "Old Abbey at Newbury," and in the water-colour studies of "Abingdon Bridge" and "Farrington." They are pure and luminous in colour, and have a spontaneity and freshness not to be seen in the artist's more finished works. The water-colour landscapes by Mr. Bromley and Mr. Macintosh resemble each other so strongly that they might easily be taken for the work of the same hand. They are accurate in the delineation of natural form, and are executed with facile dexterity and firmness. They are vivid in colour, but want the harmonising influence of tone. But, though they are somewhat conventional in treatment, and have no individuality of style, there is something in them, not easily to be defined, that shows capacity for better work.

NINETEENTH CENTURY ART SOCIETY

The present exhibition at the gallery in Conduit Street, like its predecessors, consists mainly of the tentative efforts of young and inexperienced painters. Careful and competent workmanship is to

be seen in many of them, and there are a few that can be regarded with almost unqualified satisfaction. Mr. C. Carter Reid shows close observation of Nature and a true sense of colour in a small view of "Bidford on the Avon" by the cool grey light of early morning. Mr. H. Maurice Page's "Bohemians," representing a gipsy encampment by moonlight, is noteworthy for its unconventional freshness of treatment, as well as for its broad simplicity and unexaggerated force of effect. Mr. Julius Olsson's "Breaking Waves—Twilight," Mr. R. J. Leigh's "In Summer," and Mr. A. Ballin's "View of Etaples" are artistic, and apparently faithful studies from Nature. In his large view "On the Thames," crowded with grimy barges and steam-tugs, Mr. C. J. De Lacy has successfully imitated Mr. W. L. Wyllie's manner of treating similar subjects. The glowing sunset-sky obscured by fog and smoke, and Mr. its reflection on the rippling water, are skillfully rendered. Mr. W. H. Hall's "On the Trent," Mr. W. E. Croxford's "Weighing Fish, Polperro," and Mr. Horace Fuller's "Old Farm House" are among the best of the very few water-colours with any claim to notice.



THE TURF news of the week is again somewhat scanty. Sandown provided two good days' sport last week. On the first day the principal event was the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase, in which Captain Boyce's Strong Tea beat a field which included Balderdash, Chancery, and Bay Comus. Glenquoich and The Sinner were also among the winners. Several well-known performers were successful next day, among them Tommy Upton, Eight Bells, Londoner, and St. Galmier. For the Sandown Grand Prize fourteen faced the starter, the placed three being Captain Whitaker's Franciscan, Promoter, and Dornoch. Eight Bells followed up his Sandown successes with victories at Plumpton, where the second day's racing had to be postponed till Monday, owing to frost, and at Windsor. Cameronian secured a couple of races at Plumpton. The Doncaster Hunt Meeting calls for no remark. For the Grand National Roquefort and Ilex were most in demand at the time of writing; Laureate, Nunthorpe, Montaigne, and that deceiver Danbydale, were in good demand for the Lincolnshire, and Surefoot was a firm favourite for the Derby at 4 to 1.

FOOTBALL.—Perhaps it was not altogether a misfortune that England should lose the first of the newly-revived International matches. Gallant little Wales well deserved the victory (the first on record) which her sturdy representatives snatched out of the mud at Dewsbury on Saturday; and the Welshmen will now be averse to doing anything which shall cause international matches to be once more abandoned. Of other Rugby matches, we may mention the defeat by Cambridge of Blackheath and London Welsh, and of Richmond by Oxford. To-day (Saturday) the Champion County, Yorkshire, meets a very powerful team of the Rest of England at Bradford.—Turning to the Association game, we must first note the defeat in the Cup ties of Preston North End (the holders) by Bolton Wanderers. Blackburn Rovers, Sheffield Wednesday, and Wolverhampton Wanderers were the other clubs to pull through. Those old opponents Vale of Leven and Queen's Park met in the final tie of the Scotch Cup without result, and must play the match again. Taking a line through Clapton, Cambridge should win the University match at the Queen's Club to-day (Saturday), for while Oxford (with a somewhat weak team, it is

true) could only draw with the Claptonians the Light Blues beat them by eleven goals to love! Cambridge also beat the Corinthians, while Oxford defeated Warwick County. The Casuals' score of goals has reached 200.

BILLIARDS.—The Championship of the World Tournament at the Aquarium drags its slow length along. Everybody knows that Peall or Mitchell must win, barring accidents, and that it is only a question of who first gets set at the spot-stroke. More interest is taken in Roberts's spot-barred matches. He never managed to catch Richards last week, though, *en revanche*, he defeated him at pyramids; but he is likely to have an easy task with S. W. Sturley, a pretty player, who has not been seen in public in England for several years, and who is woefully out of practice. Roberts has now held the Billiard Championship Cup for five years. Accordingly it has become his absolute property.

COURSING.—By the time this article is in the hands of our readers the Waterloo Cup will, weather permitting, have been won, and it is impossible for us, therefore, to say much about it. We may mention, however, that Colonel North this year contented himself with three nominations, and ran Fullerton, last year's winner, in his own; while, unfortunately for Sir Robert Jardine, family reasons destroyed the good chance thought to be possessed by Gwenna.

ROWING.—In the "Torpids" at Oxford Brasenose maintained their position at the head of the river, though hard pressed by Balliol. Corpus and Merton both made several bumps.—For the University Boat Race the Dark Blues are strong favourites already, 65 to 40 having been laid upon them. Backers evidently mistrust the lightness of the Cambridge stroke, and the paucity of tried oars in the boat as compared with the Dark Blue ship.—Henley Regatta has been fixed for July 8, 9, and 10 to suit the Oxford men, whose term ends rather later than usual this year.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Pettitt and Saunders have been carrying on a wordy warfare with regard to the Court Tennis Championship, but it is hoped now that a match may be arranged.—The Spartan Harriers won the Southern Counties Cross-Country Championship on Saturday, and also provided the first man home, in the person of J. Kibblewhite. The Northern contest fell to the Salford Harriers, to whom the first three men, W. H. Morton, E. W. Parry, and G. H. Morris belonged.—Slavin, the pugilist, has entered the londs of matrimony.

THE LAW OF THE TRANSVAAL.—Englishmen who think of going to the goldfields of the Transvaal can now, says the *Daily Graphic*, obtain for the first time a translation of the constitutional law under which they will have to live. Hitherto it has been a sealed book to all but the Dutch-speaking population of the country. To begin with, no Englishman can vote unless he is over twenty-one, and has been naturalised. He cannot be naturalised until he has been resident in the Transvaal for five years; *ergo*, the whole English-speaking population of the gold-fields is at present disfranchised. He cannot sit in the Transvaal Parliament until he has been naturalised for ten years, and he must be Protestant in religion. With regard to the natives, he must make up his mind that "the nation will not allow an equality of coloured and white inhabitants," although he may derive consolation from the next ensuing provision that "the nation will not tolerate a trade in slaves." He must be prepared to find all legal proceedings conducted in Dutch, and that "freedom of the Press is permitted, provided the printer and publisher are responsible for all the paragraphs which contain libel, insult, or attack on any one's character." The general public who think that at this moment the Boers are coveting Swaziland will learn with satisfaction that "the people seek no extension of territory, and will only have that which is acquired by just and lawful means."

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS



The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar pink, or chemically-coloured sherbert, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whiskey largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable.

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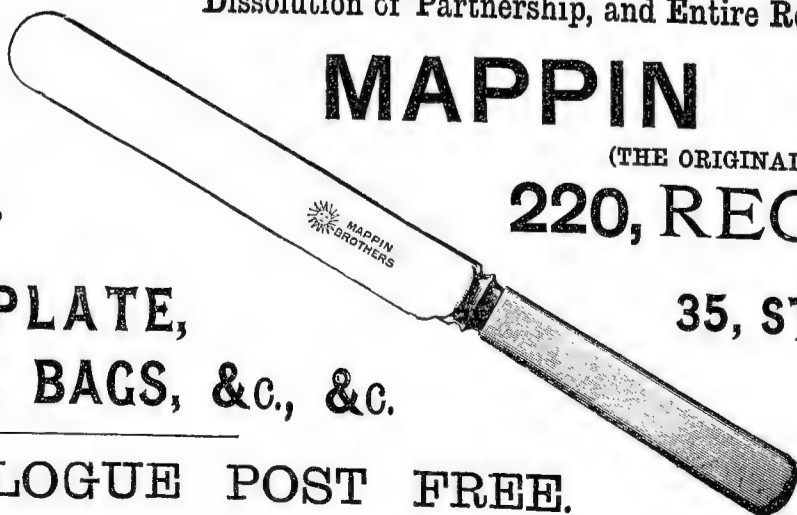
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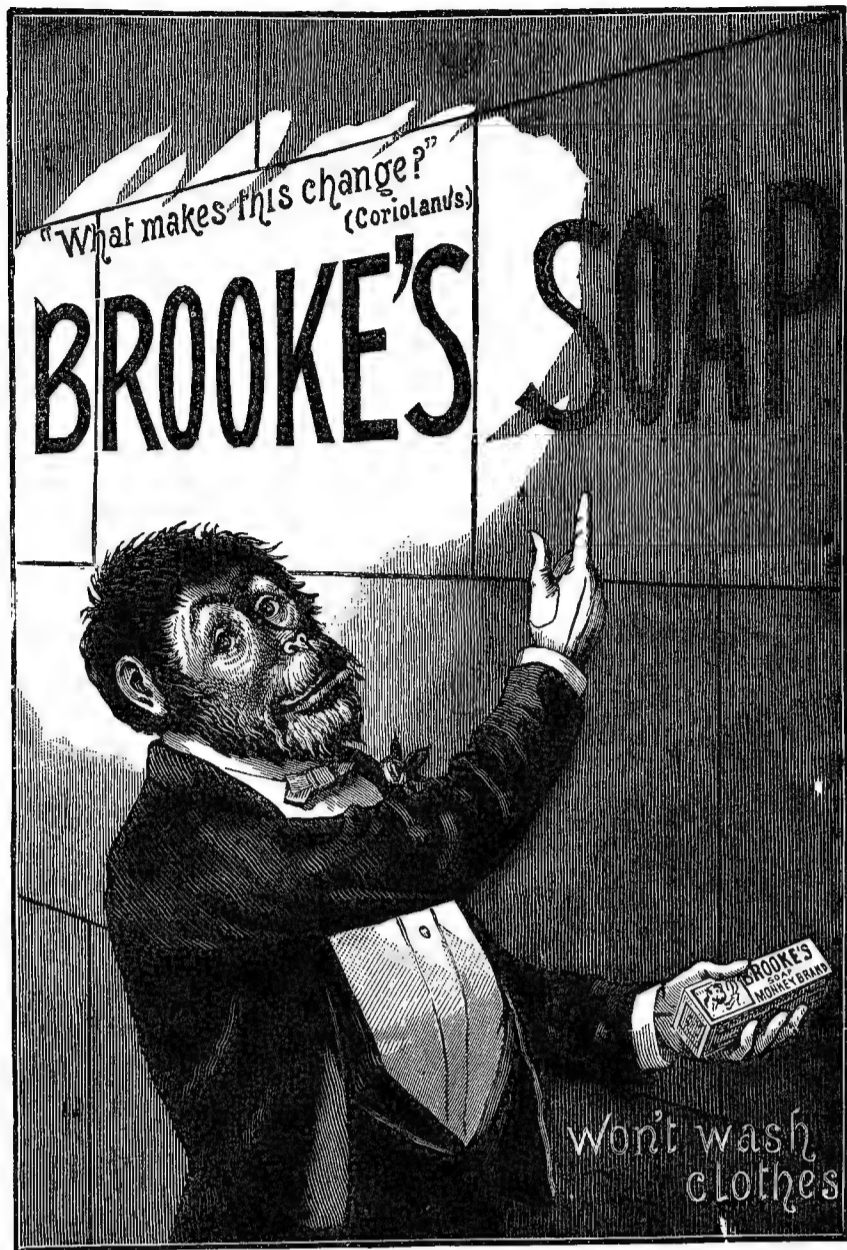
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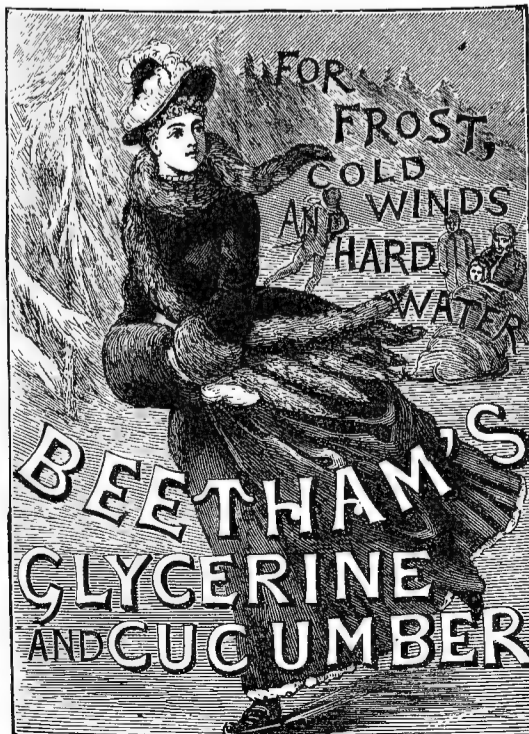
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RURAL LANDOWNERS AND RURAL OFFICIALS.—Leaving the interesting points of law raised in the case of *Pryce v. The Local Highway Board of Poole* to "our legal brother," we may briefly comment on certain questions of rural importance which lie beyond the region of pure law. This was a case in which the highway surveyor trespassed—under misapprehension, of course—on the plaintiff's land and excavated flints, gravel, &c., for the repair of the parish highways. If one private landowner had done such an act to his neighbour, he would have almost certainly made a frank apology and offer of reparation—the offer would probably have been sufficient. But because the trespasser was an official, he deemed it his duty to fall back upon every conceivable quibble as to notice of action, service in writing, and other statutory formulas. The plaintiff, after fighting the matter up to the Court of Appeal, is finally defeated on purely technical grounds. And then we wonder at the unpopularity of officials, at the passive hostility to improvements and indifference to local alterations or advantages which is shown by a great number of our rural gentry! It is time that local officials of every grade learnt that it is not incumbent on private individuals only to follow the spirit rather than the letter of the law. Here we simply have one private gentleman partially ruined in law costs over defending his property from an admitted trespass, but had the technical points in question not occurred to upset his case, an entire rural district would have been saddled with a heavy rate simply because a highway surveyor could not possibly do what as a private gentleman he would probably have promptly done—that, is, gone to the party injured and admitted his mistake!

THE FARMERS' CLUB have at last settled their programme for 1890. On March 3rd, a speaker somewhat curiously named *Urban Smith* will address the Club on *Rural Roads*, while on the 31st of the same month there is sure to be a good attendance to hear Mr. C. S. Read denounce the working of his bugbear, the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1883. No meetings will be held in April, June, July, August, September, or October, but on May 5th the subject of *Cattle Disease*—not very topical, happily—will be raised by Mr. Bell; and on November 3rd another popular speaker (Mr. Jasper More, M.P.) will discuss the really important subject of the Board of Agriculture. On the evening of the Cattle Show, December 8th, Mr. Carrington Smith will appropriately discourse on the management of a herd.

TITHES are very much to the fore this year, and, on the whole, the time seems not adverse to a fair settlement of existing difficulties. That veteran agitator Mr. W. E. Bear, one of the founders of the once famous Farmers' Alliance, counsels tenant farmers to accept Lord Salisbury's Bill of 1888 as the basis of arrangement, while the same authority has assured the Farmers' Club that tithes, as a charge upon the land, are "as sacred as any other contract." Mr. Lloyd, of the Tithe Question Association, has been making an ignorant and mischievous attack upon the Ecclesiastical Commission; but his remarks at a couple of recent meetings have not been received with particular cordiality, and we believe the best

men of both political parties are willing to settle the matter on reasonable grounds.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—Criticism nowadays is more valuable than eulogy. In an age when a thousand new schemes are always pushing for attention, the old Societies need ask but one thing—not to be overlooked. If they escape criticism, they tend to be forgotten. The sharp, and, to a large extent, unanswerable remarks of the agricultural and general Press against the Royal Agricultural Society have apparently revived interest in that body. Last monthly meeting saw the election of fifty-six new members. There are now 10,882 names on the roll—that is to say, one English agriculturist in sixty is a member. The nett profits on 1889 were 2,013/. Ordinary receipts exceeded expenditure by nearly 7,500/; the difference was swallowed up in losses on the Jubilee Show. Trials of threshing-machines have been arranged for this summer. The Show for 1890 will be held in Devonshire; for 1891, in Yorkshire.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB have not had the good manners to apologise to the numerous exhibitors who were wrongfully accused last December of making false entries concerning the age of their stock. But the rules under which the accusations were made have been quietly repealed. The affair was managed very simply on the 5th inst. The President, the Duke of Portland, was not present; nor were the Vice-Presidents, Lord Darnley and Mr. Walter Gilbey. Lord Moreton and a few other "interested parties" attended, and undid the mistake of November last; after which the Council stood adjourned until November next.

THE SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY held a meeting last week, under the presidency of Lord Wantage. No fewer than seventy-four new members were elected. The Committee will examine and pass Pedigree Certificates submitted for their approval on February 27th, at the Agricultural Hall; at Peterborough, on March 20th; at Chandos Street, on April 1st; at Peterborough, on April 17th; at Chandos Street, on May 6th; at Peterborough, on May 22nd and June 5th; at Plymouth, on June 26th; at Peterborough, on July 10th, July 24th, August 17th, August 21st, September 3rd, September 18th, October 2nd, October 17th; and at Chandos Street, on November 4th. The general meeting of members will be held on Wednesday, February 26th, at noon.

AGRICULTURAL AND DAIRY SCHOOLS.—In reply to Mr. Cobb, the Government have stated that they were very anxious to give an impetus to dairy farming, which they regarded as an essential branch of agricultural education. No regular plan had yet been formulated. A sum of 5,000/ had been voted as an annual grant for agricultural education, and this sum was being divided between such agricultural schools as seemed to be doing really good work. The establishment of a central school for agriculture, to be maintained by the State, had been mooted, but after due consideration rejected.

FERTILISERS seem to be rising in price. This much, at least, may be gathered both from the letters of Sir John Lawes in the agricultural journals, and from those of Mr. Kains Jackson in the *Times*. Should the rise be the result of genuine scarcity, or should it originate in the "controllability" of nitrate and other exports by a commercial syndicate, the result to the English farmers would be the same. Wheat-land at its present cost of cultivation per acre does not pay any profit at all, unless forty bushels to the acre are secured. But Sir John Lawes has shown that this is a return only possible from extensively fertilised soil. Dearer fertilisers, then,

would seem to be another obstacle to English wheat production. Professor Edward Kinch, Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester writes on this subject in the "Farmer and Stockbreeder's Year-Book," just issued:—"During an ordinary four-course rotation, supposing the roots and seeds consumed on the land, and the straw to be returned, also that the farm-yard manure to be made was returned, the loss would be about 25 lbs. of nitrogen, 33 lbs. of phosphoric acid, and 20 lbs. of potash—quantities sufficient to diminish the power of the soil to produce such crops."

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

AMONG Australian poets we may rank Mr. Harry G. White, for whom Mr. D. Drysdale, of Port Augusta, S.A., has published "Australia" and "Recreations of Toil." In the first-named work certain defects, born of lack of early training, may be observed. Mr. White has worked as a waterman, and so his time, both day and night has been very much occupied, and, consequently, he has written in his scant intervals of repose at a disadvantage as compared with versifiers of more leisure and literary culture. Everything considered, some of his work is remarkably good. The following lines, headed "Memories of a Little Village" (near Windsor, England), and suggested possibly by Goldsmith's praise of "Sweet Auburn," are by no means to be condemned:—

Sweet country village, sylvan-like retreat
Tho' years have passed since these poor pilgrim feet
Bestrode thy paths and ways, still memory's wing
Can o'er old ocean's billowed distance bring
Thee once again to mind. Methinks I see
E'en now the home once tenanted by me,
With rustic front, o'erhung with clambering vine
Of honeysuckle and sweet eglantine

It is scarcely likely that Mr. White will find many readers over here just yet; but with study and painstaking he may perhaps realise his more modest literary ambitions.

We have before us a beautiful gift-book in Mr. Hume Nisbet's "Memories of the Months," with illustrations by the author (Ward and Downey). Mr. Nisbet has composed a poem and picture for each month, and thus appeals with his thought harmoniously to the eye and ear at the same moment. March is just now the most interesting month, and the artist-poet typifies it with a fishing-boat careering along before the wind over breeze-broken water. For the illustration we have allusion in the course of the following excerpt:—

Away in town
Men quake as chimney-cans fall down,
Or as they feel the twinge again
Of city-bred neuralgic pain.
The wind blows swift o'er cliff and sea,
Where fishing craft are rushing free
With sails sun-gilt, or darkly brown,
Against white clouds like eider-down.

Great care and artistic skill have been bestowed on the head-and-tail pieces. For example, the poem to January is thus prefaced by a charmingly-pathetic picture of a dead robin lying sadly on its side in the snow. This edition of "Memories of the Months" is limited to two hundred and fifty copies, in twenty-five of which the frontispiece has been signed by the artist. On the whole, this work should serve to enhance Mr. Nisbet's already high reputation.

CADBURY'S COCOA

THE BEST

BEVERAGE FOR CHILDREN



CADBURY'S COCOA is closely allied to milk in the large proportion of flesh-forming and strength-sustaining elements that it contains. It is prepared on the principle of excluding the superabundance of fatty indigestible matter with which Cocoa abounds—supplying a refined thin infusion of absolutely pure Cocoa, exhilarating and refreshing, for Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea, or Supper, giving staying power and imparting new life and vigour to growing Children, and those of delicate constitutions.

**CADBURY'S COCOA.—ABSOLUTELY PURE
THEREFORE BEST.**

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

A little child lay on her bed of pain,
With deep blue eyes, and wealth of golden hair,
Longing that Summer hours would come again,
With all their sunshine and their pleasures fair.

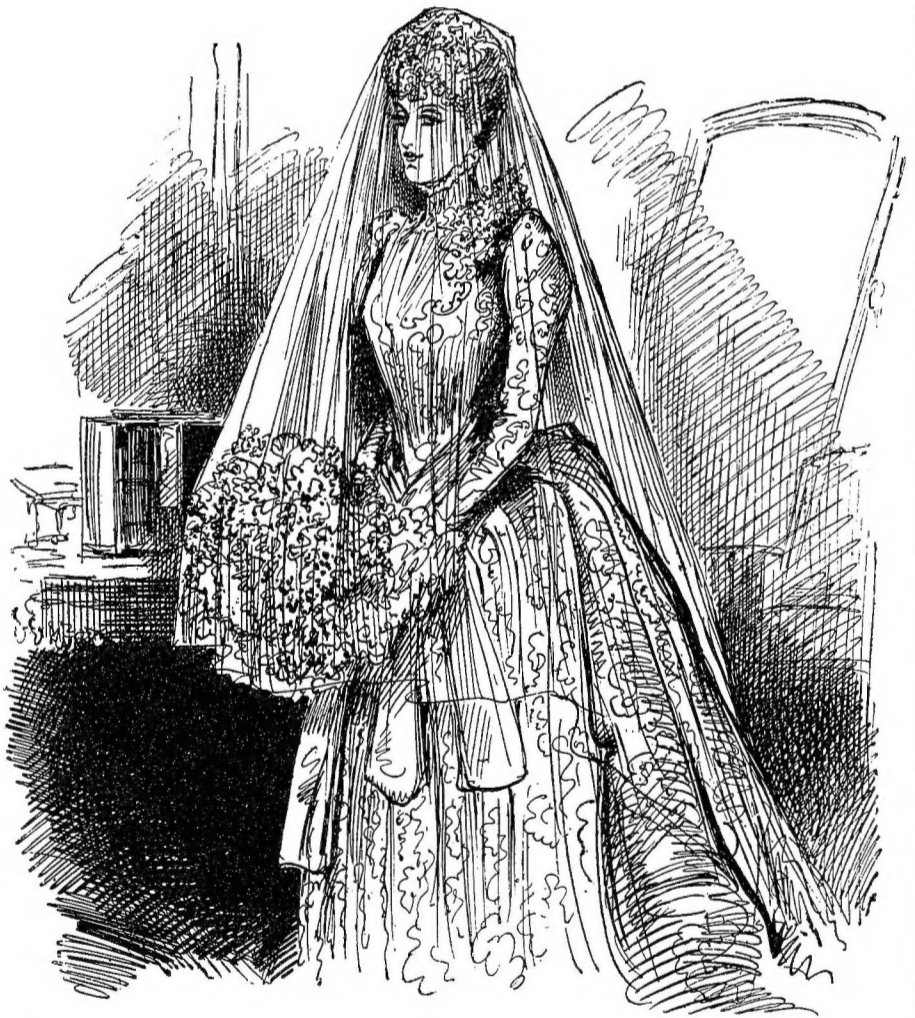
With ministry of quiet, tender love,
The mother watched beside her as she lay,
A message came—O joy, all joys above!
It turned her sadness into brightest day.

It told of certain cure—what words of cheer
For weary sickness and all mortal ills!
Returning health soon blessed the child so dear,
Who gladly took a box of "BEECHAM'S PILLS."



A maiden in life's Springtime, faint and weak,
And smitten down by fell Consumption's hand,
The hectic flush upon her fair young cheek,
That piteous scourge of this our northern land.

She read the tidings scattered far and wide,
And brightest hopes began her heart to fill,
Came back to health to be a beauteous bride,
Now rescued by the world-famed "BEECHAM'S
PILL."



An old man in the Winter of his days,
With laboured breath, and many a bitter pain,
Tried the same cure—a cure beyond all praise,
And seemed to live his younger life again.

For all the pains that mortals can beset
'Mid life's sad change, and all its numerous ills,
One remedy unfailing we have yet,
Thank kindly Heaven for BEECHAM'S
marvellous PILLS.





THE LOWER HOUSE OF THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY has accepted Archdeacon Farrar's scheme of Church Brotherhoods, the members of which, in the words of his resolution, are to be "allowed to bind themselves by dispensable vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience." There was also adopted the Archdeacon's supplementary resolution, "That such Brotherhoods should work in strict subordination to the authority of the Bishop of each Diocese in which they are established, and only on the invitation and under the sanction of the parochial clergy." Both Houses of Convocation stand adjourned to the 6th of May.

THE DEAN OF NORWICH, CANON MONEY, AND CANON GIRDLESTONE, on behalf of the Protestant Churchmen's Alliance, will deliver six addresses on "The Agreement between Primitive Christianity and the Protestant Character of the Church of England," on Monday afternoons, beginning on Monday, the 24th of February, at 112, Queen's Gate, the drawing-room of which has been placed at their disposal by the Dowager Lady Dynevor.

AT A MEETING OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND BURIAL REFORM ASSOCIATION, of which the Primate is President, the Chairman of the Sanitary Committee of the London County Council presiding, resolutions were adopted in favour of legislation to prevent the further general use of over-crowded cemeteries. It was stated that in many of those of East London sixty or seventy bodies are thrust into a single trench. A similar resolution has been also adopted by the House of Laymen.

THE POPE has authorised the Prelates of his Church, if it should seem good to them, to absolve their flocks, wherever the influenza is prevalent, from the duty of fasting. "From Archbishop's House," Cardinal Manning's, the *Tablet* has received no official information, but believes that a dispensation will be granted.

AT ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, SOHO, Bach's Passion music (*St. John*) will be sung on Friday evenings during Lent, and on Good Friday at four o'clock. Tickets are, as usual, obtainable from the Rev. Canon Wade, Soho Square, on forwarding a stamped addressed envelope.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Bishop of St. Albans' "canonical" resignation of his See has not yet been sent in.—The Diocesan memorial to the late Bishop of Durham is to consist of a statue of him, besides an enlargement of the Cathedral Chapter House.—The Bishop of Newcastle's appeal, six years ago, for 60,000l. to promote Church extension and restoration in his Diocese has been responded to by the subscription of the sum of 75,000l.—The Ven. William Boyd, Archdeacon of Craven, has been compelled, owing to advanced age, to resign the duties of the Archdeaconry.—The public will be admitted to the eleven o'clock services in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on the Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent.—The next annual Conference of the Evangelical Alliance is to be held at Manchester.—Cardinal Manning, in a letter to the editor of a German periodical, pronounces the Emperor William's proposal of an International Industrial Conference to be "an

Imperial act, the wisest and the worthiest that has proceeded from any Sovereign of our times."—The Rev. Dr. Reynolds, of Cheshunt College, intimates to the *Nonconformist* his inability to accept nomination as Chairman of the Congregational Union for 1891, owing to the continuance of the physical difficulties which have prevented him from undertaking similar responsibilities in preceding years.—Mr. Bradlaugh when resigning this week, on the ground of a pressure of other work, the Presidency of the National Secular Society, said that in his opinion the real conflict of the future in England would be the struggle between Free Thought and the Roman Catholic Church.

MR. STANLEY states to his British correspondents that he cannot return to England till warm weather sets in. Emin Pasha is quite convalescent, but cannot make up his mind to quit Africa.

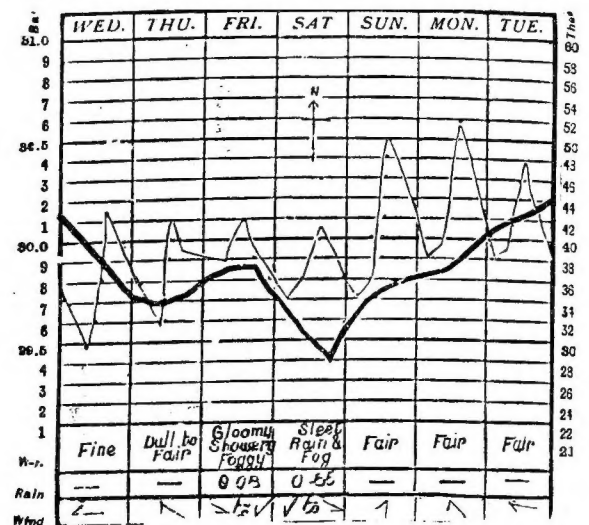
PHOTOGRAPHING the colossal Liberty Statue in New York Harbour by night was attempted recently with great success. Two pounds of magnesium powder were placed upon a high mast near the figure, and lighted by electricity, the light lasting long enough for five cameras to take the statue simultaneously.

THE CLIMATE OF CHINA is gradually growing colder, and the effect upon the fauna and flora is very marked within the last century. Formerly, elephants were used in Pekin, especially for the worship of the Temple of Heaven, where they drew the Emperor to perform the various sacrifices. Now they cannot exist so far north. Alligators are disappearing from the rivers in Southern China, and the water buffalo will not thrive north of the Yellow River as heretofore. The bamboo once grew in thick forests in North China, now it only flourishes there as a garden plant, carefully preserved; while the orange trees in many districts have had to be protected through the winter in recent years instead of growing freely in the open air.

THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY is not to be made an occasion for speculation and exorbitant charges if the inhabitants of the little village can prevent extortion by their warnings. The burgomaster is most anxious that the English Press should inform intending visitors of the real state of affairs. Herr Lang states that no authorised tickets whatever "can be bought up beforehand by any London or other firm, or by any person whatsoever; nor can any higher price be demanded than that legally fixed." Tickets can be had only in Oberammergau, by writing to one of the Committee or the burghers. There are six classes of seats, priced respectively at ten, eight, six, five, three, and one mark. The three first are under cover, the remainder in the open air; but all are numbered, and have backs to the benches. The householders have arranged to let sufficient beds to correspond with the number of seats in the theatre. Charges for beds only will vary from three to five marks, according to accommodation; and for board and lodging from ten to twelve marks. The tariff of charges will be posted at the entrance of each house, and rooms can always be secured by writing in good time to the Burgomaster. Non-inhabitants of Oberammergau who take a house or hotel for the season, and the owners who thus admit outsiders, will not be able to get tickets, so the visitors lodging there will have to take their chance of finding a seat at the theatre on the morning of the performance. These new regulations have been made to prevent any repetition of the extortionate charges during the last performance of the play, when the inhabitants were credited unjustly with fleecing their visitors.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1890.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (18th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Taken as a whole the weather of this period has been decidedly of an unsettled character, with occasional heavy falls of rain over the Southern parts of Ireland and England, and in the Channel. During the early part of the period a depression passed from the Westward in an Easterly direction along the Southern Coasts of the United Kingdom, and was followed by another about the middle of the week, which moved up from the Bay of Biscay in a North-Easterly course, while still later on other disturbances but less deep were found off our West Coasts. The winds during the first part of the time blew very strongly over the greater part of the country from the South-Eastward, and were followed by fresh Easterly breezes in the Channel, while subsequently strong Southerly winds were reported very generally. The weather was very variable, occasionally the sky was very much overcast, whilst at other times it was extremely bright and clear. In the course of the first three or four days rain fell copiously in the South of Ireland, 1.55 inches at Roche's Point on Friday morning (14th inst.), and also in the South of England, and in the Channel. The depression which moved up from the Bay of Biscay during Friday and Saturday (14th and 15th inst.) produced heavy rainfall, accompanied by snow in the South of England. The highest aggregates in the twenty-four hours ending Saturday (15th inst.) were 0.54 inch in London, and 1.17 inches in Jersey. Temperature has been below the average generally. Slight frosts occurred from time to time in several places. The barometer was highest (30.20 inches) on Tuesday (18th inst.); lowest (29.40 inches) on Saturday (15th inst.); range 0.80 inch. The temperature was highest (51°) on Monday (17th inst.); lowest (30°) on Wednesday (12th inst.); range 21°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.93 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.85 inch on Saturday (15th inst.).

TELEGRAPHIC MONEY ORDERS having proved successful as an experiment, the system will come into force throughout the United Kingdom on March 1st. Sums can be sent thus up to 10s.

THE MANUFACTURING

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY.

SHOW ROOMS: 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. (Stereoscopic Company.)

SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.

HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY.—

The Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

ORIENTAL PEARLS.—Choice strung Pearl Necklaces, in single, three, or five rows, from £10 to £5,000; also an immense variety of Pearl and Gold mounted Ornaments, suitable for Bridesmaids and Bridal Presents.

PEARL AND DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.—A magnificent and varied collection to select from.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.—Special attention is devoted to the production of elegant and inexpensive novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents. Original designs and estimates prepared free of charge.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

An immense variety of inexpensive articles, specially suitable for presents. Every intending purchaser should inspect this stock before deciding elsewhere, when the superiority in design, quality, and price will be apparent.

COMPLIMENTARY

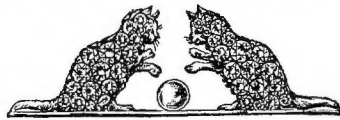
PRESENTS.

REPAIRS and RE-MODELLING OF FAMILY JEWELS.—The Company, undertake the Repair of all kinds of Jewellery and the Remounting of Family Jewels. Great attention is devoted to this branch of their business, and designs and estimates are furnished free of charge.

CAUTION.—The Company regret to find that many of their Designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement, which is calculated to mislead the public. They beg to notify that their ONLY London retail address is 112, REGENT STREET, W.

WATCHES.—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold and Silver, most accurate timekeepers, at very moderate prices.

CLOCKS.—A large assortment, suitable for travelling or for the dining-room, drawing-room, &c., from 20s. to £100.



Fine Diamond Kittens and Pearl Ball Brooch, Price, £10.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

The Largest and Choicest Stock in London.

The Times: "The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company's collection of Jewels, the low prices of which, combined with admirable taste, defy competition."



Finely Chased Gold Cat and Mouse Brooch, with Pearl Ends. Price, £3 15s.

Goods forwarded to the Country for Selection.



Fine Diamond 5-stone Half-Hoop Rings, from £15 to £200.



Fine Diamond 3-row Crescent, to form Brooch, Hair-Pin, or Pendant, £50.



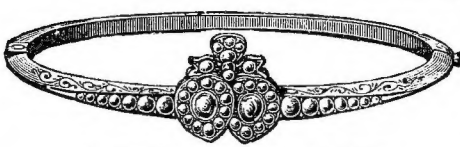
Fine Pearl and Diamond Double Heart and Tie Ring, £18 10s.



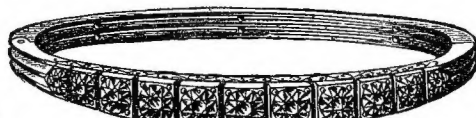
Fine Diamond and Moonstone Heart Pendant, Price, £10.



Fine Diamond Double Heart and Knot Brooch, Price, £15.



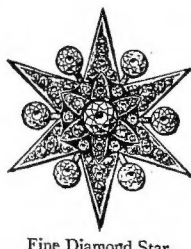
Fine Pearl Double-Heart Bracelet, £5 10s.



Fine Diamond Half-Hoop Bracelets, from £18 10s.



Diamond and Enamel Brooch, £9



Fine Diamond Star, to form Brooch, Pendant, or Hair-Pin. Price, £20.



Diamond Three-Swallow Safety Brooch, £5.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

MANUFACTORY CLERKENWELL

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.—A magnificent assortment of Rings, Stars, Sprays, Flies, Necklaces, &c., composed of the finest White Diamonds mounted in special and original designs and sold direct to the public at merchants' cash prices.

SAPPHIRES from Ceylon, but with London cutting, mounted alone, or with Diamonds, in a great variety of ornaments.

NOVELTIES.—A succession of Novelties by the Company's own artists and designers is constantly being produced to anticipate the requirements of purchasers.

CASH PRICES.—The Company, conducting their business both in buying and selling for cash, are enabled to offer purchasers great advantages over the usual credit houses. All goods are marked in plain figures for cash without discount.

APPROBATION.—Selected parcels of goods forwarded to the country on approval when desired. Correspondents not being customers should send a London reference or deposit.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS have through this means the advantage of being supplied direct from an immense London stock, containing all the latest novelties, and which are not obtainable in provincial towns.

COLONIAL and FOREIGN Orders executed with the utmost care and faithfulness under the immediate supervision of a member of the Company. Where the selection is left to the firm, customers may rely upon good taste and discretion being used, and the prices being exactly the same as if a personal selection were made.

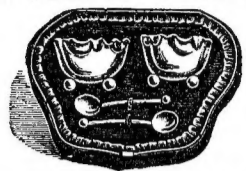
TESTIMONIALS.—The numerous recommendations with which the Goldsmiths' Company have been favoured by customers is a pleasing testimony to the excellence and durability of their manufactures.

OLD Jewellery, Diamonds, and Plate taken in exchange or bought for cash.

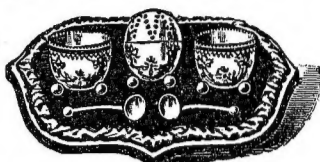
MEDALS.—Awarded Seven Gold and Prize Medals and the Legion of Honour, a special distinction conferred on this Firm for the excellence of their manufactures.

CATALOGUE, containing thousands of designs, beautifully illustrated, sent post free to all parts of the world.

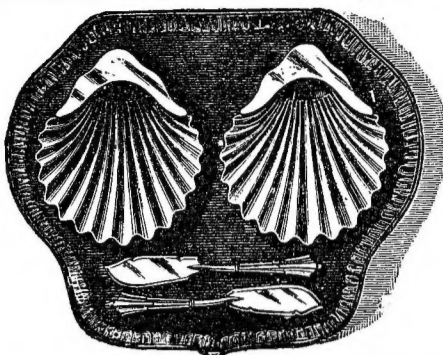
MAPPIN & WEBB'S



Two Crimped Edge Sterling Silver Salts and Spoons, in Rich Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet. £1 12s. 6d. Four in Case. £4 3s.



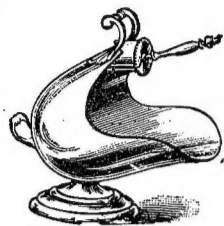
Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons, and Muffleers, in Morocco Case. £4.



Two Solid Silver Escallop Butter Shells and Two Knives. In Morocco Case, lined Silk. £4 15s. One Shell and Knife, in Case. £2 10s.

ART SILVER PRESENTS.

158, OXFORD STREET, W., and
18, POULTRY, E.C.



Regd. Scutell Sugar Basin. Solid Silver, £5 5s. Best Electro, £1 5s.



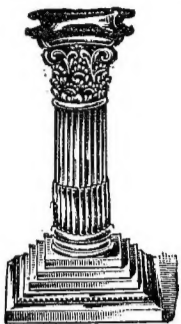
Butter Knife, with Ivory Handle. In Best Morocco Case. Sterling Silver, 14s. Electro Silver ditto, Engraved Blade, 8s.



Reposed Chased Silver Hair Brush, £2 10s. Hand Mirror to match, £4 4s. Velvet & Cloth Brushes to match, each £1 5s.



Sterling Silver Fern Pot, richly chased (various patterns). Gilt inside, £1 16s.



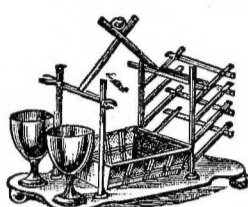
Electro Silver Piano Candlestick, "Corinthian" pattern, 6 inches high, £2 4s. per pair. Solid Silver, £6 15s.



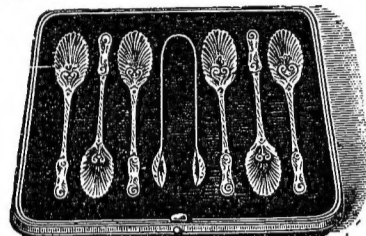
Richly Chased Solid Silver Sugar Caster. Height 7 inches, £4.



Escallop Butter Shell and Knife. With Glass Lining. Sterling Silver £2 2s. Electro Silver, 12s. 6d.



Electro Silver Toast Rack, Egg Frame and Butter Dish combined, £2 10s. Solid Silver £8 10s.



Six Solid Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs. In Best Morocco Case, £2 15s. Best Electro, £1 11s. 6d.



Solid Silver "Toby" Cream Jug. Height 2 1/2 inches. £2 2s.

SPECIAL LIST OF PRESENTS

250 Illustrations,
Post Free,
Solid Silver "Toby"
Cream Jug.

LANCET.—"This is genuine Cocoa—contains no sugar, starch, or other adulteration—is very soluble—in fact excellent."

SCHWEITZER'S

COCOATINA

A MOST DELICIOUS BEVERAGE

GUARANTEED PURE, SOLUBLE, ANTI-DYSPEPTIC COCOA

MEDICAL PRESS.—"Remarkable for its quality and flavour, and can be absolutely relied on for purity and digestibility."

"EXCELLENT—OF GREAT VALUE." Lancet, June 15, 1889.
CONCENTRATED

GOLD MEDALS, 1884, 1886.
DELICIOUS FLAVOUR.
MOST NUTRITIOUS.
REQUIRING NO DIGESTIVE EFFORT.
PEPTONIZED COCOA
AND MILK
(Patent).
SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.
TINS, 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.
OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.
FOR INVALIDS.
DELICATE CHILDREN.
AND ALL OF WEAK DIGESTION

THE SHIVERING & SUFFERING POOR OF LONDON.

Food, Coals, and Clothing are urgently needed for widows and other poor people. For each 10s. subscribed 15 adults or 20 children can have a substantial meal.
Bankers: LONDON AND COUNTY.

A. STYLEMANN HERRING,

Vicar (thirty years), Clarksdown,

45, COLEBROOKE ROW, LONDON, N.

OVERTON'S PLATE POWDER.

Being non mercurial, and prepared from the finest Bone, is the best for keeping Silver and Electro-plate untarnished.

"It is a good and thoroughly satisfactory Plate Powder."—ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D.



ALSO

OVERTON'S FURNITURE CREAM

The most effective, efficient, and economical. Sold everywhere at 6d. and 1s. each.



ROBINSON AND CLEAVERS
CAMBRIC POCKET
HANDKERCHIEFS.

Samples and Price Lists, post free.
PER DOZEN—
Children's 1/3
Ladies' 2/4 1/2
Gent's 3/6
HEMSTITCHED—
Ladies' 2/11 1/2
Gent's 4/11
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST

IRISH LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS.



"Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.
COLLARS—Ladies' and Children's 3-fold, 3/6 per dozen; Gent's 4-fold, 4/11 to 5/11 per dozen.
CUFFS for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, from 5/11 per dozen. Samples post free.

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IRISH LINENS & DAMASKS.



Real Irish Linen Sheet, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 1/11 per yard; 2 1/2 yards wide, 2/4 1/2 per yard (the most durable article made). Filled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/4 1/2 each. Roller Towelling, 18 inches wide, 3/6d. per yard. Surplice Linen, 7d. per yard. Linen Dusters, 3/3; Glass Cloths, 4/6 per dozen. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 8 1/2d. per yard. Fish Napkins, 2/6 per dozen. Dinner Napkins, 4/6 per dozen. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/9; 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, 5/6 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11 1/2d. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/4 per dozen. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., woven and embroidered. Send for samples and full price lists, post free to

ROBINSON and CLEAVER BELFAST.

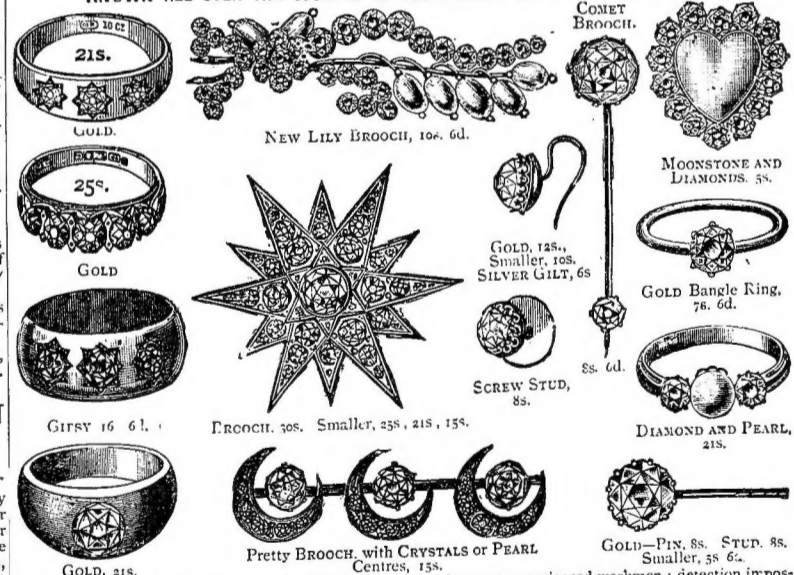
By Special Appointments to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany, &c.)

BROOME'S MUSIC



No. 2. Call me back again.
133. Little Brown Jug.
253. Starlight Noll.
267. Then you'll remember me.
403. Only to see her face again.
410. Who's that calling so sweet.
411. Song that reached my heart.
421. Dutch Clockman.
423. Pretty Pond Lilies.
444. Pretty Pond Lilies (Waltz).
293. White Wings.
423. White Wings (Waltz).
List contains 431 Songs, Pieces, Dance Music, &c.
W. H. BROOME, 45, HOLBORN, E.C.

THE FAULKNER DIAMOND, KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD AS THE FINEST STONES EVER PRODUCED.



These magnificent Stones are set in GOLD, and made by most experienced workmen; detection impossible; and I defy the BEST JUDGES to tell them from DIAMONDS. The brilliancy and lustre are most marvellous, and equal to Brilliants worth TWENTY GUINEAS. The Stones being real Crystals, and splendidly faceted. They will resist every possible diamond test. Much worn for Court and other occasions. Testimonials from all parts of the world. These stones are rapidly gaining great reputation, and have been awarded Three Prize Medals from the great Exhibitions. The Public are earnestly invited to INSPECT our marvellous selection now ON VIEW, which astonishes all Visitors. CATALOGUES POST FREE.
NOTICE.—These stones cannot possibly be had elsewhere at any price, and are only to be obtained of the Sole Importer and Manufacturer—ARTHUR O. FAULKNER, 167, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
Established 1860. Two doors from Burlington Street. NOTE.—No AGENTS EMPLOYED.
NOTE.—Beware of Worthless Imitations and Copies of my Engravings.

THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.

THE MOST POPULAR ENGRAVINGS.

PARTHENIA A FAVOURITE AUTHOR. THE SHRINE OF VENUS. FLOCK RETURNING. T. G. APPLETON ALMA TADEMA. MISS FANNY KEMBLE. ITALIAN FLOWER GIRL. MENADS. LOVE OF COUNTRY. Sir T. LAWRENCE. LUKE FILDERS. JOHN COLLIER. MARCUS STONE.

The Largest Assortment of Engravings in London in Stock.

GEO. REES, 115, Strand (Corner of Savoy Street.)



DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE
DR. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) discovered a remedy to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the sole inventor, and it is therefore evident that, as he has never published the formula, anything else sold under the name of CHLORODYNE must be a piracy.

ALL ATTEMPTS AT ANALYSIS have failed to discover its composition.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

is the great specific for
CHOLERA,
DYSENTERY,
DIARRHŒA.

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from her Majesty's Consul at Manila, to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY Remedy of any Service was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet*, December 31, 1889.

THE GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, reports that it acts as a charm, one dose generally sufficient.

FROM the VICEROY'S Chemists,
 Simla, January 5, 1889.
J. T. DAVENPORT, London.
 Dear Sir.—We congratulate you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly esteemed medicine has earned for itself not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances *ad infinitum* of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike.

We are, Sir, faithfully yours,
JAMES EPPS and CO.,
 Members of the Pharmacy Society of Great Britain.
 His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to. —See the *Times*, July 15, 1889.

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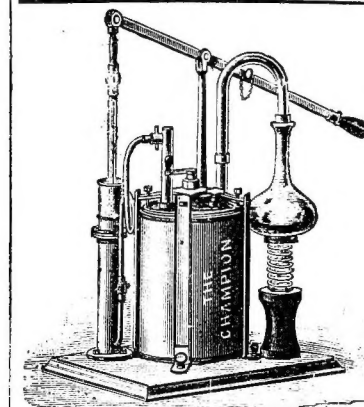
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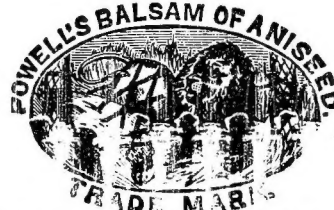
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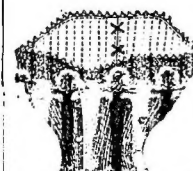


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